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VOL XII. No. 35.



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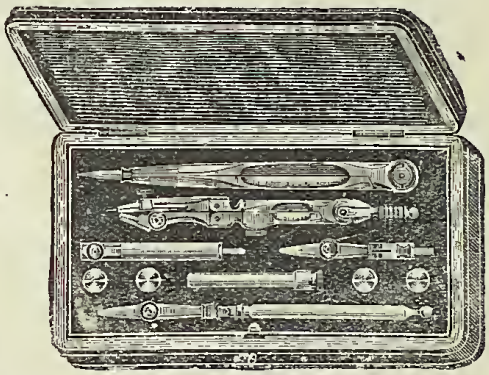
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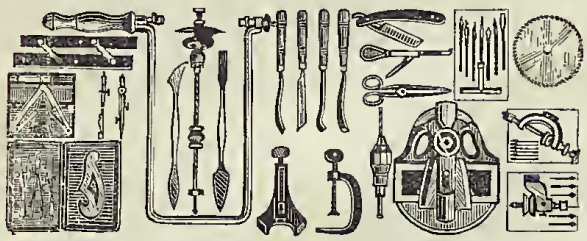
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The . . . Hartley University College .. Magazine ..



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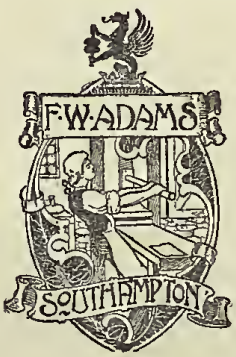
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THE
Hartley University College Magazine.

Editorial Notes.

The Editor discourses upon Men and Things.

"Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocra."
(Some things are good, some are middling).
Martial.

We take the pleasure of submitting to the perusal of our readers the last Magazine of the session, and we hope it will not fail expectations. The Summer term at College is not best calculated to inspire students with literary aspirations, and hence we have had some difficulty in getting together enough matter to produce a magazine of the size and quality at which we announced our intention of aiming last term. During the first term of the session there is little difficulty in obtaining the material for a respectable magazine. Everything has then the charm of novelty to the students, and the seniors in particular find a fecund source of inspiration for their literary efforts in attacking and satirising their unfortunate juniors, but lately arrived at College, in all the "greenness" and credulousness so common to their race.

During the Spring term, however, the novelty of the situation wears off, and the taste of the editors is more difficult. Only those who are most interested and most energetic can, and will—speaking in the language of the popular excuse—'find time' to write. Moreover, it is in the season of Spring that

"The young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The result, therefore, in a mixed College such as ours, can easily be imagined.

By the Summer term, this 'fancy' has developed into something resembling a mania, and the minds both of young men and young ladies are almost entirely filled with thoughts of l—— (we apologise)—of *Tennis*. The attractions of this exciting pastime are too great to be resisted. We have seen as many as eight students at the Tennis ground (note the import of the even number) waiting under a stormy sky—it having rained continually during the whole of the preceding night and morning—in the fond hope that the courts would be dry enough for play in six or seven hours' time. The position of the sub-editor, therefore, during the last term, is an unenviable one. The majority cannot sacrifice Tennis or Cricket for the sordid occupation of writing articles for a magazine. A few prefer to devote their 'spare time' to preparation for Inter.; while we have even encountered those, (their names are not Legion, we admit), who have announced their intention of commencing to swot up for the Certificate examination.

"Piger scribendi ferre laborem;
Scribendi recte, nam ut multum nil moror."

(Too indolent to bear the toil of writing; I mean of writing well; I say nothing about quantity).

Horace.

We hope that the consciences of many of our readers will be pricked by these remarks, and that they will estimate the value of this edition in the light of the difficulties in the way of its compilers.

——o—o——

"Amoto quaeramus serio ludo."
(Setting raillery aside, let us attend to serious matters).

Horace.

We have a more serious duty incumbent upon us, however, in this our last issue of the session. By the time this edition is in circulation the minds of a large number of us will be agitated by conflicting emotions; of joy that we have, so to speak, completed our training at College, and are about to enter into the lists of life, to hold our own as best we may; and of sorrow, that after several years of happiness at Hartley,

we have at length to leave the old place, and break up many of the pleasant associations which we have formed within its walls.

> "Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum;
> Multa recedentes adiment."

(The coming years bring many advantages with them; retiring they take many away).

Horace.

Nay, it may be that this is the last time that seniors and juniors have need to take farewell of one another at the close of a session, such is the precarious situation of Hartley at the time of writing. We earnestly hope that this is not the case and that we shall live to have the pleasure of returning frequently to Hartley to renew, at subsequent reunions, the friendships that we have formed during the last few years. As it is, however, we seniors can but say farewell to our juniors and wish them the best of success and enjoyment during the coming session; exhorting them to do their best to uphold the traditions of the College.

With this word of farewell we conclude; for no other word can more aptly express our feelings as we take our leave of one another:

> "Farewell! A word that must be, and hath been
> A sound which makes us linger;—yet farewell!"

Byron—"*Childe Harold.*"

SUB. ED.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN ENGLAND.

From the introduction to Essay on Anglo-French Dialect by Prof. Studer, M.A., D. Litt.

[*Continued.*]

III.—Anglo-French in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries French had secured a firm footing in the towns of England, and was rapidly reaching the remotest country villages. It had become the fashionable language of all classes of society, and English was now a little better than the despised speech of the ignorant Saxon peasant. It is difficult to admit with the eminent historian of the Norman Conquest that it was merely a fashionable language which "had lost all real hold on any class in the country."[1] The mass of evidence which we have but cursorily surveyed in the foregoing pages, and the tendencies we have seen at work, point to a very different conclusion. Indeed, there is, to my mind, nothing preposterous in the assertion of M. Paul Meyer, one of the great living authorities on the question, that these tendencies, had they been at work for another fifty years, would have permanently established in these Islands the language of William the Conqueror.[2] The first half of the fourteenth century truly constitutes a turning point in the history of the English race, nay, rather, in the history of the world. But for a few apparently insignificant events, French might have become the language of the English peoples and all their colonies!

These far reaching results, which for good or evil would have deeply affected the course of modern history, were frustrated, to a very large extent by the Hundred Years' War, accompanied as it was by the strained relations between France and England, the assertion of an English nationality, and the final loss of English possessions in France.[3] It must

[1] Cf. Freeman, *Hist. of the Norman Conquest*, Vol. V, p. 536.

[2] Cf. *Les Contes Moralisés de Nicole Bozon* (Anc. Textes fr.), Introd., p. lvii.

[3] The two dates which are generally looked upon as indicating the final victory of English over French are 1362, when the use of English was introduced into the law courts, and 1385, when the practice of construing Latin into French was abandoned in schools. It should, however, be observed that in the case of law courts the statute of 1385, was a dead letter. French remained the language of pleadings down to the Seventeenth century. It was the Puritan Revolution that gave it the final blow. (Cf. Polloch Sir F. First Book of Jurisprudence p. 295).

be remembered also that the Normans had lost nothing of their wonderful adaptability. Even as their ancestors, four centuries before, had discarded their Scandinavian speech, so did they now lay aside the language which had so long since become for them their mother tongue. But in the meantime Old English had disappeared. A new language had grown up in its place. During its years of humiliation the Saxon tongue had become impoverished and debased. The marvellous vocabulary of the older poets, with its wealth of synonyms, its lavish display of epithets, was now a thing of the past. It was reduced to the small modicum necessary for ordinary purposes in the lower walks of life. Even then French words found their way to the humbler classes and suceeded, not seldom, in ousting well-established Saxon words. This process became more frequent in proportion as some degree of culture began to reach the English-speaking population. The stock of Saxon words which had survived was wholly inadequate to express the new ideas and conceptions, and the borrowing from Anglo-French went on to a vast extent. But the words which were thus taken up had long lived in the country ; they had so to speak, become acclimatised, and had not themselves escaped the contamination of Old English. Even for the peasants they had ceased to be foreign.

It is quite certain that no manner of compulsion was used on the part of the Conqueror to force his own language upon the English people.[1] But "nothing is plainer than that, from the very first, crowds of Englishmen must have found it needful to learn French, and crowds of Frenchmen must have found it expedient to learn English."[2] The introduction of French was the natural and silent result of circumstances, not the sudden or immediate result of the Conquest. French cast its first roots in English soil somewhat before 1066 during the reign of Edward the Confessor, and from that time onward continued to grow steadily till the middle of the fourteenth century. The fact that French was used but sparingly in legal documents till the time of Edward I, and then very considerably during the reigns of the three Edwards, does not mean, as Freeman would have us believe, "that English had, during the twelfth century, made great strides towards becoming the common language of all natives of England, and that it was thrust back again in the thirteenth by an influence distinctly French and Norman."[3] On the contrary it must

Cf. Freeman, *Hist. of the Norman Conquest*, Vol. V, p 508.
Cf. *opus cit.*, p. 520.
Cf. *opus cit.*, p. 889.

rather be looked upon as an evidence that French had gained much ground during the twelfth century, for, unless I am greatly mistaken, the language of the law has always affected an archaic turn, and has generally been (and England, is no exception to the rule) a century or two behind the times.

Ever since the Norman Conquest the French language spoken in England had been essentially one and the same dialect. Some of the chief characteristics of the Anglo-French of the fourteenth century can already be detected—if not fully developed, at least in progress of formation—in the Norman of the eleventh century. But the language had developed independently of continental French, although the latter continued to influence it through the medium of law and literature. It constituted a fairly homogeneous speech with a spontaneous growth and development, like any other mediæval dialect.

As early as the twelfth century, Frenchmen who visited this country prided themselves on the superiority of their own pronunciation (*e.g.*, Garnier, the author of the *Life of St. Thomas*). Even Englishmen, like Walter Map, who had studied abroad and learnt to appreciate the refinement of Parisian French, spoke jocularly of the pronunciation prevalent in England. The author of the *Play of Adam* (referred to above) in his stage directions insisted particularly that the actors must pay attention to the rhythm (*i.e.*, place the accent on the right part of the word) and neither add nor suppress any syllables at the end of the words, which was a common failing of Anglo-French speakers, particularly in the North, though not unknown in the South. The famous lines of Chaucer's Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, in which the poet, reviewing the various accomplishments of the Prioress, Dame Eglentyne, alluded also to her linguistic proficiency—

> "And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
> After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
> For French of Paris was to hir unknowe" (ll. 124-126),

have provoked the most heated discussions amongst scholars. Did Chaucer utter these words in earnest or in jest? That is the question; and after the learned arguments which have been brought forward in support of either alternative, it is not for us to venture an opinion on the subject, however tempted we may be to think that Chaucer, an admirer of French poetry and with a certain continental reputation, was probably no better than his forerunner, Walter Map, and had about as high an opinion of the language of the nuns of Stratford as Map had of "Marlborough French."

Whatever may be the right interpretation of the famous passage, this, at least, is certain, viz., that there was a considerable difference of pronunciation between Anglo-French and Parisian French. But such a difference would not have existed if the language prevalent in England during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had simply been continental French "kept up by a mere fashion."[1] A courtly language imported from France in the thirteenth century and kept alive by constant intercourse between the two countries, would have retained its pronunciation practically unchanged. But the distinct characteristics of Anglo-French show that it was not a language maintained artificially in these islands, but a vigorous idiom, which grew and developed in its own peculiar way, like any other dialect of France.

IV.—Influence of Anglo-French on Modern English.

It would be interesting as well as instructive for the study of Modern English, to ascertain to what extent Higden was justified in asserting that the French spoken in England in his days (*c.* 1350) was practically everywhere the same. The careful examination of well authenticated documents preserved in various English towns would readily supply the solution of this problem. For more than two centuries the Saxon and Norman tongues had acted and re-acted on each other, and the character of both had thus been considerably modified. This process made the final amalgamation possible, and brought about a phenomenon, perhaps unique in the annals of philology, of two languages, essentially different in character and genius, becoming irrevocably welded into one powerful language, admirably suited to the needs of the English people, and which, before the close of the fourteenth century, gave unmistakable proof of superiority over its parent tongues, in the wonderful masterpieces of Chaucer.

However much we may deplore the loss of a considerable portion of the Saxon vocabulary, there can be no doubt that this blending of two distinct elements has given to the English language unquestioned advantages.[2] Not only has it imparted to it the best qualities of its constituent parts, but it has enthroned it as the natural link between Romance and Germanic, the chief groups of European languages, and suited

[1] Cf., however, Freeman, *opus cit.*, Vol. V, p. 536.

[2] Mr. Freeman is not of the same opinion: "This abiding corruption of our language I believe to have been the one result of the Norman Conquest which has been purely evil" (*Hist. of the Norman Conquest*, Vol. V, p. 547; cf. also *id.*, p. 597).

it in an incomparable way to become the international language of the future. If French had triumphed in England, especially if English kings had continued to retain their continental possessions, it is to be feared that England might have been in the history of the world little more than a magnified province of France. But these speculations fall rather within the scope of the historian. The object of these introductory remarks is simply to show the importance of the study of Anglo-French for the proper appreciation and understanding of Modern English.

TENNIS COURT RHYMES.

(Specially contributed by Famous Poets from Elysium and Hades).

* * *

1. By Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Serve, serve, serve,
 But not a ball over I see ;
And oh, that my tongue might utter
 The words that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 Who can smack his sister at play ;
O well for the sailor lad,
 Who can curse in his boat on the bay.

And the bold-faced barmaid swears
 In the tavern over the till ;
And it's O for the sound of the hearty oaths,
 And the dentals I must keep still.

Serve, serve, serve,
 And not a ball over I see ;
And the points that I lose by my double faults
 Will never come back to me.

2. By William Wordsworth.

It was a little Hartley girl,
 She was sweet seventeen, she *said*.
Her hair, all innocent of curl,
 Was bunched up round her head.

"The score in points, my studious maid
 How many may you be?"
"How many? Thirty all," she said,
 And wondering, looked at me.

"You are in Inter. Maths.," I cried,
 "But how can that be so?
For you have served four double faults;
 'Tis game to us, you know."

"Score, fifty love, in games, five one;
 My turn to serve the ball."
'Twas throwing words away, for still
That little maid would have her will,
 And said, "Nay, thirty all."

3. By Robert Browning (as obscure as ever).

At the tennis in the intervals of serving,
 When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where, at books, as profs think, swotting,
 Sulky sits whom still you love so, who so loves you,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, and no mistaking;
 What on earth had we to do
With the bashful, with the shy, with the self-conscious?
 Like a fresher, awkward, blushing, did I drivel,
Being—who?

One who chucked up cricket at your calling,
 Who abandoned slog and break;
One who laughed at rage of prof. or tutor's bawling,
 One who haunted So'ton Pier at early morning
For your sake.

OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR

* * *

c/o Mrs. Antipon,
13, Snugville Terrace,
Margarine Avenue,
Southampton

To the Editor, H.U.C. Magazine.

Sir,

As a constant reader of your scholarly periodical ever since my arrival in Southampton, I beg permission to state a grievance and to suggest a remedy.

A College Magazine should not only be ornamental and aesthetic, it should be useful. Now, sir, as this utilitarian aspect in the past has been ignored, I therefore suggest it is high time a start was made in catering for the necessities of men who are too busy, during the term, to give their attention to the past-time of swot. As one of those who have benefited much from a perusal of Milton, I may say that I have been especially attracted by his remarks on the bootlessness of swot and the counter claims of Neaera's hair; not to mention Amaryllis' really hot service at tennis. As a result I regard the approaching examinations with apprehension. As Shakespeare says "Uneasy lies the King until the Ace is out;" so the minds of scores of your readers will be needlessly perplexed by an anticipation of examinations.

Now, sir, why cannot this be obviated? A casual glance at the halfpenny rags which constitute our glorious free press will reveal the fact, that the voice of the prophet is still abroad in the land. Every up-to-date journal has its staff of tame prophets, its own exclusive seers of visions — it may be of weather, or of race-horses, or, perchance, of general elections.

Now since "Uncle Joe," "Cassandra" and "the Major" are able to predict which of a dozen horses will be the first to gallop past a post, surely it is within the range of practical prophetics to forecast the papers likely to be set by our professonial sphinxes.

The racing tout lies in ambush for hours, with a thermos flask and a mixed biscuit, watching through a botanical lens the various gee gees "at work," and on this slender data he founds his estimate of "form." As one who has kept awake consistently throughout last term's lectures, I may claim to know something about professonial form.

I have timed the lecturers over various courses with a stop-watch, a prismatic compass and a theodolite; and if form goes for anything I feel confident that your readers may depend on the following probable starters facing the flag in the forth-coming sessional stakes.

I am, sir, yours sincerely,

ATHERLEY HAZELNUTT.

History.

Time:—20 rounds of 3 minutes each, with 1 minute intervals.

Candidates may attempt 5 questions only. You will be marked on the 3 questions left untouched.

(Mathematical instruments and spot-stroke barred. Alcoholic stimulants will be provided for the last three questions).

1. "Napoleon Bonaparte was not really Napoleon, neither was he Bonaparte." Discuss.
2. What events in the French Revolution suggested to Mr. Asquith to lock his Bathroom door while Miss Pankhurst is at large?
3. How would you handicap those well-known sprinters Lafayette and Doumouriez?
4. What led Carlyle to suppose that "*Sans-Culottes*" was French for "not in these ——"?
5. Do you know anything about the "Tennis-court Oath," or do you simply say "sorry partner?"
6. Why did Louis XVI Marie Antoinette?
7. In connection with this event Mirabeau remarked "There is no other step in the King's life he will ever be likely to Rousseau much." Account for the death of Mirabeau.
8. Was it this utterance that made the Comte d'Artois'rds the frontier?

English Literature.

(Each answer should be done in 4 lines, but you won't get any marks unless you write an "Encyclopædia Britannica" on each).

1. Hamlet was a wobbler. Illustrate.
2. "A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." Compare Yorick with any Hartley professor.
3. "Let your own discretion be your tutor." Show how Hamlet should have the credit of inventing an ideal tutorial system.
4. In Midsummer Night's Dream, Helena runs after Demetrius into a wood on a dark night. Illustrate the consequences if they were Hartley students.
5. "The course of true love never did run smooth." Illustrate from the Hartley corridor.

Geometry.

THIS is the age of correlation. Each subject of instruction can and should be correlated with every other subject. In the following examination paper, Geometry is correlated with the Political Economy of lodging houses. Now that the examinations are approaching, some hints how to work it may be of use. Neat and accurate figures should be drawn for each question.

Avoid verbosity. Full marks may be obtained without verbosity. As a model answer consider the short solution given to the following theorem :—

"If in the same lodging house and on the same floor of it there be two lodgers, and if the "side" of the one be equal to the "side" of the other, each to each, and the (wr)angle between one lodger and the landlady be equal to the (wr)angle between the other lodger and the landlady, then shall their weekly bills be equal."

Solution :

For if not, let one of them be greater. Then the bill of the other is less than it might have been, which is absurd. Therefore they are equal.

N.B. Notice the neat use made of the "*reductio ad absurdum*" proof.

We append five questions to serve as a test.

Geometry. (*Honours*).

1. A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.
2. All other rooms being taken, a single room becomes a double room.
3. A landlady is an angular figure, which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.
4. The clothes of a lodging-house bed being produced ever so far both ways will not meet.
5. A π may be produced any number of times.

Mixed Mathematics.

(All Women candidates must answer Question 3).

(Full marks on the paper may be obtained by answering Question 4 correctly).

1. An elephant, whose mass may be neglected, is ascending a perfectly rough smooth plank with uniform velocity v, when a fly of mass m alights on its nose. Describe the subsequent motion.
2. A heavy tennis ball, describing a parabola freely under gravity, is suddenly arrested in its flight by the pit of A's stomach. Find the loss of temper and kinetic energy.

 How could A's language be affected if he were playing in a mixed double?
3. A is a militant suffragette, possessed of b, a hammer; c is a plate glass window, distant x from A; D is the owner of the window, distant y from A. If V be the initial velocity of b; u and v the maximum speeds of A and D respectively; find how much the insurance company will pay for the window.
4. X is a member of the matriculation class, who is asked to multiply a certain whole number by 2. He asserts that the answer is 19. What was the original number?

Hygiene.

(This paper must be done on the breast-stroke; any candidate diving and walking along the bottom will be disqualified).

1. What would you do if your Art. 51 assistant disliked soap, and could not afford gin?

2. How would you treat an inspector suffering from:—

 (*a*) "Bats in his belfry."
 (*b*) "Bubbles in his think-tank"?

3. What are the proper steps to be taken if a child is bitten on the pajooka by a mad gazeesh?

4. Draw up an answer to the following advertisement:—

 "Young motor neurone holding prominent position in most exclusive reflex arc, would like to meet a prepossessing young sensory ditto with a view to Synapse."

5. Deal with the following emergency:—

 A lad *A*, of unhygienic parents, develops a rash which looks like scarlatina, but is really only small-pox disguised to resemble sun-spots. Another lad *B*, who bites his nails and has a nervous hand, is sent for the Medical Officer, but is run over by a hearse, the driver of which (we are glad to be able to say) is insured against accidents. *C*, an assistant, who got a vile report last inspection, is sent to look for *B*, but is compelled to go and serve on a Coroner's jury by *D*, a policeman who has an alcoholic liver. On his arrival the Medical Officer, *E*, is seized with epileptic fits and sleeplessness, during which *A*'s rash disappears. What should the teacher do—exclude *A*, close the school, resign his post, sign the pledge, or simply put it in the time table as an organised game?

Psychology.

1. Critise James' statement:—

 "A bore is not necessarily a person of deep penetration."

2. *A*, a first year Normal in the Common Room, tells a funny story which is received with shouts of silence. *B*, a lecturer, serves up the same old chestnut in the course of a lecture, and is rewarded with the glad Ha-Ha! Explain.

3. Is Psychology a branch of Codology, or are they synonymous terms?

4. Trace the psychic process, or brain wear, in Mr. Coward's head when he expects that the old wheeze about the punctured tyre and the Eastleigh express is being swallowed by a credulous lecturer.

General Method.

1. Describe any organised game which can be participated in at the school picnic by your unmarried assistants of both sexes:—
 (*a*) When the children are present.
 (*b*) When they have been sent to pick flowers.

 (Lady students are not expected to give the show away by answering this question).

2. What is meant by the "bread and butter" ideal in education? Does it apply to teaching a sweep brush-work?

3. Do you believe in letting the children watch dog-fights in order to inculcate tenacity and bull-dog courage, the qualities of every Briton who votes for the ——— party, and uses ———'s pills?

4. "Learn by doing." Does this mean that temperance should be taught by drinking beer?

SAYINGS APROPOS.

"These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion."

Shakespeare—"*Love's Labours Lost.*"

"Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad—serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass as their own."

Sheridan—"*Critic.*"

♦ ♦ ♦

NEXT YEAR'S SENIORS.

"There is a *Gurn*-hill far away."

Church of England Hymns.

A PROFESSOR AT SPEECH NIGHT AND COLLEGE CONCERTS.

"A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

"*Hamlet.*"

NEWSHAM, THE CRICKETER (?)

"Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.

"*Othello.*"

THE TEACHING PROFESSION.

"'Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out."

Webster—"*The White Devil.*"

LEAVING HARTLEY—THE PROSPECT OF WORK.

"Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells; hail, horrors; hail."

Milton—"*Paradise Lost.*"

THE DEBATE AT THE COWHERDS.

"It was no chyldren's game."

Pilkington—"*Tournament of Tottenham.*"

"We were as eloquent as angels."

Colton—"*Bacon.*"

A STUDENT'S REMONSTRANCE TO HIS LANDLADY.

"Your supper is like the Hidalgo's dinner; very little meat, and a great deal of tablecloth."

Longfellow—"*Spanish Student.*"

CROWDING IN THE OFFICE WITH PENNY STAMPS.

"Oh hour of all hours, the most bless'd upon earth."

Owen Meredith—"*Lucile.*"

MR. WATTS AT CAMP.

"Thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
But by the barber's (scissors) best subdued."

Milton—"*Samson Agonistes.*"

MR. B. A. WEBER'S APOLOGY FOR A MOUSTACHE.

"My fleece of woolly hair."

"NEDDY."

"The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough,"

Cowper—"*Conversation.*"

JIM BENDREY—FAILING TO TURN UP AT A TEST.

"For my part, getting up seem not so easy
By half as *lying*.

"*Hood.*"

RESEARCH WORKERS AT HARTLEY.

"He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers."

Swift—"*Gulliver's Travels.*"

MISS CO - P - R.

"Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman."

Byron—"*Don Juan.*"

MUSIC CLASSES.

"He's got'em on the list—he's got'em on the list; and they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed."

The Mikado.

THE-R-SA ON TENNIS DAYS.

"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

"*Morte d'Arthur.*"

ANSWERS IN CHEM. LECTURES.

"A fool must now and then be right by chance."

Cowper—"*Conversation.*"

THE ENGINEERS' '*forte.*'

"A good mouth-filling oath."

Shakespeare—"*Henry IV.*"

PROF. WATKIN'S JOKES (?)

"A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest men."

Anon

NEXT TERM.

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Lamb.

MR. VICCARS GIVING IN THE ONLY MATHS. WORK THIS TERM.

"Alone, I did it."

Shakespeare—"*Coriolanus.*"

MR. REEVES.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Goldsmith—"*Deserted Village.*"

REMINISCENCES OF SCI. SOC.

MR. URSELL AT TEA.

"A very valiant trencher-man."

Shakespeare—"*Much ado.*"

AFTER TEA.

"And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Bret Harte.

THE VOTES OF THANKS, ETC.

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er."

W. H. Ireland.

MR. BADMAN AT TENNIS.

"But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority."

Shakespeare—"*Measure for Measure.*"

"MARSHALL" THE LAB. ASS.

"Damn that boy! he's gone to sleep again."

Dickens—"Pickwick Papers."

THE PASSING OF THE SENIORS.

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

Longfellow.

WANTED SOMEONE TO

"Die, and endow a College."

Pope—"Moral Essays."

A COMMON RESOLUTION AMONG SENIORS DURING THEIR LAST TWO TERMS.

"Let's love a season,
But let that season be only Spring."

Byron—"Could Love Forever."

THE LAMENTABLE LAY OF MR. V - CC - RS.

"O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness:
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his buziness."

Hogg—"Love is like a Dizziness."

MR. D - DGE AT CAMP.

"There's mischief in this man."

Shakespeare—"Henry VIII."

SUPPLY THE MISSING WORDS.

"I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
. in his hand."

Dr. Johnson.

THE PASSING SENIOR TO HIS JUNIOR.

"Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack."

Shakespeare—"Merry Wives of Windsor."

THE RECENT STRIKE.

"O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do."

Shakespeare—"Much Ado."

MR. G - CH DURING THE DISPUTES OVER THE SAME.

"Speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search."

Shakespeare—"*Merchant of Venice.*"

ONE WHO STRUCK TO ONE WHO DIDN'T.

"Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong."

Gay—"*The What D'Ye Call'T.*"

A PROMINENT SENIOR HAVING TURNED UP EARLY TO A GENERAL METHOD LEC.

"O wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping."

Shakespeare—"*As you like it.*"

DICK B - LL AND PARTNER.

"Still amorous and fond, and billing,
Like Phillip and Mary on a shilling."

Butler—"*Hudibras.*"

MR. L - GH'S REPLY TO MANY ATTACKS.

"When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, Ha?"

Shakespeare—"*Cymbeline.*"

A QUESTION IN CERTIF. EXAM:—AS INTELLIGIBLE AS MOST WILL BE TO MANY SENIORS.

"Aldeborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?"

Carey - "*Chronon.*"

HARTLEY SENIORS PREPARING RECITATION FOR THE VISIT OF H.M. INSPECTORS.

"Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land."

Pope—"*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*"

MR. P - RT - R, THE ENGINEER.

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers!"

"*Hamlet.*"

THE M. C. R.

Phase 1.

"You may break, you may shatter."

Moore—"*Farewell.*"

Phase 2.

"So comes the reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning and men smile no more."

Gay—"*The What D'Ye Call'T.*"

PERCY'S SOLILOQUY.

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away." *Ibid.*

WHY MR. URS-LL ONCE OBTAINED A BULL'S-EYE —— ON THE WRONG TARGET.

"But as some muskets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at."

Trumbell—"*McFingal.*"

ADVICE TO DEPARTING SENIORS.

"Get place and wealth; if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place."

Pope—"*Epistles.*"

FAREWELL.

'Tis grievous parting with good company."

George Eliot—"*Spanish Gipsy.*"

"If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If no, why then this parting was well made."

"*Julius Cæsar.*'

"And good luck go with thee!"

"*Henry IV.*"

LABOUR UNREST—Fresh Strikes Imminent.

\+ \+ \+

"Dulce est disipere in loco"—*Horace.*

In our Xmas Number it was our melancholy duty to record a strike amongst the Members of the College staff, which was almost fraught with disastrous consequences to our Alma Mater. At Easter the pernicious example of this hasty step was seen in the conduct of a few hot heads who forsook the assembling of themselves for "Terminals," until urged thereto by the paternal boot. We have no desire to recall these phantoms of the past from the shades of oblivion, but already once again there is a going in the tops of the mulberry trees; we are on the brink of a precipice; a yawning gulf of a chaotic confusion gapes at our feet.

On the occasion of the last ill-advised action on the part of the staff, we urged a policy of firmness, because we foresaw that any concessions to the demands of the operatives would be only in the nature of a sop to Cerberus.

In this Number we regret to anounce that our worst fears have been justified. After a heated discussion in the Common Room, it was decided that next session the present staff should refuse to begin work and should deposit their gowns with their respective Uncles.

This step, we understand, has been taken out of sympathy with the Peruvian Ice-cream miners. It was felt that those whose lot it is to burrow in the bowels of the earth, demand the fraternal co-operation of those whose labours are carried on in the still more inaccessible depths of the undergraduate cerebrum.

However as Alfred Austin (Poet laureate,—we believe Ed.) aptly and truly remarks "to be forewarned is to be fore-armed," and we are pleased to be able to record the fact that on this occasion the council have acted with commendable "*feu-de-joie*" and "*pâté-de-foie-gras.*"

Advertisements having been inserted in the "Era," "Lotinga Weekly" and the "Skibbereen Eagle," a large number of applicants for the about-to-be-vacant posts were forthcoming.

The first to arrive was Mr. George Robey, who reckoned he could lecture on hygiene provided he got a fair start, and that the wicket was not too greasy. On being introduced to the Senior Normals for a trial spin he began as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I mean Gentlemen and Ladies, because I have noticed that in Southampton the Ladies are always *after* the Gentlemen—hem—(no laughter). I wish to-day to go into the 'eye';—hem—not the eye of the needle where the camel got the hump,—hem—(shrieks of silence)—nor yet the mind's eye, Horatio; nor even the eye—tiddly—I—ty—(renewed silence);—but simply the human eye—hem—go away you boy-scouts (prolonged silence). Pardon me ladies and gentlemen but a little encouragement is very stimulating (a clap from the back seat).—Thank *you*, Sir, but I don't want an outburst you know, just a little ripple of merriment to shew you appreciate the point. (Moderate and perfunctory applause, and counterfeited mirth from the optional students). —Thank you, ladies and gentlemen—the more you applaud, the more I'm paid."

Mr. Robey then dealt with the Mother-in-law problem, and touched on landladies and octogenarian cheese, his remarks being transcribed into note-books by his wooden-faced audience. The lecturer thereupon abruptly concluded:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I thought this was a College, but strike me mauve it is more like an Asylum for decrepit undertaker's mutes.—Good morning."

Mr. Robey apologised to the head porter for his hurried departure, on the grounds that he had an appointment with the Czar of Russia at the Bodega, and having effusively shaken hands with the worthy Taylor, he forced a trouser button into his reluctant palm, and with tears in his eyes, told him always to count on him as a friend.

The next train brought Mr. Bernard Shaw, closely followed in a taxi by Mr. C. K. Chesterton. A slight unpleasantness occurred, the chauffeur refusing to accept an autographed copy of "Orthodoxy" in lieu of his legal fare. This *contretemps* having been amicably adjusted, both gentlemen entered the College and demanded the chair of "Applied Paradox" if there was one.

They next expressed their willingness to undertake mathematics, urging their ignorance of the subject as entitling them to preferential consideration. Mr. Shaw stated that having no preconceived notions on the subject he could approach it with an unprejudiced mind, and in that spirit of calm philosophic indifference that is so desirable in pursuing any line of study. Mr. Chesterton alleged that ignorance is the highest form of knowledge, that it is only when a man knows that he does'nt know, that he is worthy to be deemed wise. Affirmation, he continued, was super-negation. Asked what original research

they had made in the field of mathematics, both gentlemen claimed to have discovered how many beans make five.

Subsequently it was announced that the council had decided to appoint both applicants, one to the professorship of History and the other to the Chair of English. The matter was left in their own hands to decide which department each preferred. G. B. S. claimed History, while C. K. C. embraced Literature. All seemed well, when a difficulty arose. It transpired that Mr. Shaw considered that History included Literature; but this was simplified by the fact that Mr. Chesterton regarded Literature as including History.

An adjournment was made to Ogle Hall, where both gentlemen undertook to debate the matter (front seats 2/-, unreserved 1/-. Fabian Society tracts to be had at the door, price one penny). After this dialectical set-piece it was agreed that next session Mr. Chesterton should begin his lectures on Matthew Arnold, by tracing the influence of the French Revolution on Professional Football. Mr. Shaw has affixed a notice in the passage requiring all students attending his history classes to purchase the six-shilling edition of "Man and Superman;" stating further that he intends to show that the French Revolution was not French, neither was it a Revolution, and that Professional Football is not professional in the Pickwickian sense, and that it certainly is not Cricket.

It will doubtless interest our sporting readers to learn in passing that Mr. C. has accepted the presidency of the Swimming Club, and intends taking his inaugural plunge as soon as the Council gets the springboards reinforced and the baths deepened. Mr. Shaw will notify the M. R. C. as to what presidencies he is prepared to accept.

Normal students also will be delighted to learn that the new Education staff is to include Miss Gertie Millar, who stated to an interviewer that she considers Thring to be "such a quaint old bird." Our representative further questioned Miss Millar on her opinion of our cherry-ripe head-dress. She replied with an odol smile that they are "simply too dilly for words," and said she could not understand why a late sub-editor of this magazine has ceased to wear his. She will be accompanied on to the platform at all lectures by her Pekinese bloodhound *Wee-Wee*, and her Woolston Pomeranian *Pom-Pom*. It is to be hoped that gentlemen will refrain from throwing chalk at the animals.

As we go to press we learn that Mr. Chesterton's preliminary attempts to fill his chair were only too successful, the worthy Prof. being quite unable to extricate himself again. A

carpenter had to be requisitioned to saw the envious wood which embraced him so tightly. Until a more commodious *curule aedilis* is procured, Mr. C. will lecture from a sopha.

The new Chemistry lecturer, whose name we did not catch, is likely to give great satisfaction. He is a graduate of Limehouse, and has experimented successfully both with vinegar and soft soap. He professes to have discovered a way to duplicate copper coins—transmitting fourpence into ninepence.

A Dr. Carson, LL.D., (Loyal to the Last Ditch), has been appointed to the Engineering department. He has had great experience in engineering "bogies." His lecturing style is somewhat marred by his habit of weeping into a Union Jack pocket handkerchief, and appealing to heaven to substantiate his assertions.

Should our present staff remain obdurate, it will be seen that an efficient nucleus of strike-breakers is at hand, and we may confidently look forward to an exciting session after the summer vac.

But we hope that ere then wiser councils may prevail, and that the operatives who are in the main sound at heart, may learn to distrust the frothy demagogues who are turning their minds into revolutionary channels.

Let them remember that they are subjects of a great empire on which the rain never stops falling. Let them take to heart and apply in their lives the advice given by the great Lord Verulam, when he detected that putty-faced perisher, Will Shakespeare, cribbing his plays:—"Let all men seek to acquire the *MENS SANA CUM GRANO SALIS*."



"Raillery, Raillery! indeed we have no Animosity—
We hit off a little now and then, but no Animosity."
Congreve—"Way of the World."

THAT

Cause: Bournemouth £2000, Pompey £1 1s.

Result: Alleged willful damage to common room furniture £1 15s. 10d.

THAT Portsmouth would have done well if they had kept their guinea.

THAT Mr. V-cc-rs had definite reasons for hesitating as to whether he should play Cricket or Tennis this summer.

THAT Mr. R-mm-r is now on the shelf.

THAT there is at least one other Ba(t)chelor among the Senior normals.

THAT Mr. P-gh will not be missed so much in the Avenue next session after all.

THAT there is an able substitute among the juniors.

That several budding orators made their maiden speeches at the "Cowherds."

That the Battle raged loud and long for four hours there, before a single proposition was put to the meeting.

That sundry gentlemen, becoming very dry as a result of continuous verbosity, had occasional recourse to the adjoining bar parlour.

That the dark and stormy night added largely to the romantic effect of the conspirator's meeting.

That a little bird whispered to us that Thatcher was hiding in the women's corridor early the first morning of the exam., to escape the picket.

That all's well that ends well, however.

That Lord Derby's "Rose Maiden" was a very successful runner.

That, from a perusal of Mr. C-tl-nd's M.S. music book, we observe that Mr. Leake has heard better melody than that composed by the former gentleman.

That he must be referring to the efforts of Mr. ———

That, according to Mr. Leake also, springing from quavers is not nice and easy.

That we will take his word for it.

That although Tennis is a branch of Athletics, it is not a *match*-maker.

That Dicky Bell is another senior who finds Tennis more attractive than Cricket.

That Mr. M.lls hath his victories in the realms of love, not less renowned than Mr. Fr.m.n.

That Mr. Dodge at Camp was not as agile as his name would lead us to indicate.

That among other objects which he did not succeed in "dodging" may be mentioned a pile of arms, a hat and a plate.

That, *à propros* the same gentleman, judging by his latest suit, does not attach any importance to that popular dictum —"not in these ———."

That the fashion of wearing watches on the wrist is superseding that of wearing gaudy coloured half-hose.

That next year's seniors are requested to see to it, that this effeminate habit does not become too popular.

That Mr. B. A. W-b-r would do well to get the family cat to lick the superfluous growth from off his upper lip.

That, failing this, we can recommend Monkey Brand as being good for removing stains.

That God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks; as the student said to his landlady.

That its an ill wind that blows no man good; as the lecturers remarked when they had fewer exam. papers to mark last term.

That the assistant Botany lecturer is deeply interested in Liliaceae, Roseaceae and Ra(d)unc(u)laceae as well as in tropical and *strange flora*.

That the preceding was objected to as being "too per(cy)nal."

That the Boy(ce)(s) may not speak to the girls in College.

THAT "silly little midges" have caused some trouble at the Hostel.

THAT "blue-stockings" have given way to green ones.

THAT an additional notice board is greatly needed in the W.C.R.

THAT anonymous gifts of chocolate are greatly appreciated.

THAT Billy is Billy no longer.

THAT the wearin' o' the green (hair-ribbon) does *not* mean "Ireland for ever."

THAT a certain member of the staff has a cuckatoo, which has been in his family for 80 years, and *can swear now as well as ever it could.*

THAT this says much for the habitual language of the members of that family.

THAT a certain senior passed by Mr. M - ll's digs the other day.

THAT he came to the obvious conclusion from the strains he heard proceeding from the front parlour, that that future Paderewski II. is practising "*In the shadows*" for the Welcome Smoker next session.

THAT *à propos*, the same gentleman was seen to take his lady-love to his digs several times one week.

THAT Mr. Sn - w does not like to be seen holding little girls' hands up the Avenue.

THAT B - nny L - yc - k made up his mind before entering Coll. to have no connection with girls.

THE ART OF PLAYING TENNIS.

* * *

Shall we term it a game, a pastime, an ordeal, a duel, or a gamble? To avoid wearisome cudgelling of our withering cerebrum, we will reply that it depends entirely upon the players and circumstances. Let us attempt a description for the edification of those who spend every evening and half-holiday in pursuit of knowledge of purely utilitarian kind.

A "set" of four players having been formed, (ladies helping to form the gladiatorial band), upon the cry "Court Vacant," these march to the arena, concentrating their attention *en route* to the preservation of a demeanour indicative of the fact that they are unaware that "two sets" have already been formed having prior claim to the arena. Arrived at the scene of the approaching conflict, all superfluous garments are discarded, and after a mild discussion as to the choice of ends, and considerable and forcible reminding of the retiring "set" that a ball is missing, the gladiators are ready.

One of them yells (or sings, according to the sex) the word "Service," and forthwith propels a tight felt-covered sphere with all his force in the direction of his opponent. To achieve this, he uses as weapon a be handled shield, bounded by a wooden frame, and threaded across by interwoven gut. The weapon is also used as a means of defence, and is employed by the aforesaid opponent to ward off the deadly attack by taking away the kinetic energy of the sphere, or by changing the direction of its flight. The weapon, when new, may also be used as a hygrometer. When held before the face it makes an efficient shield, from behind which the tactics of one's opponents can be surveyed in absolute safety. Many players become so proficient in the use of this implement that the sphere returns to the point whence it started with far more accuracy than the boomerang.

The game proceeds till anxious enquiries from the occupants of deck-chairs in the vicinity elicit from one of the gladiators that the "game" is "five-all," when a few more volleys and a little more parrying complete the "set." The gladiators retire looking for lost balls, and loudly commenting upon the length and evenness of the game, in order to allay possible suspicion.

Any who will may enter the lists, subject to successful emergence from an interview with the Hon. Sec., during which

a transference of "*argent*" occurs. The following qualities are desirable, if not absolutely essential, to would-be gladiators:—

1. Ability to yell "*Gone*" and sufficient facial control to lead your opponent to feel that you really speak the truth.
2. If a lady, ability to sing the aforesaid word, the frequency of the note employed being not less than 512.
3. Full and varied vocabulary of respectable, yet forcible words, beginning preferably with B. or D.*
4. Capacity for quick and suitable reply to an outsider who enquires as to the score. Facial control as under 1.
5. Adequate control over personal steering; especially if partner is a lady. (To those lacking this, some knowledge of first aid is desirable).
6. Ability to look pleasant and unconcerned when partner "*muffs*" a stroke.
7. A cultivated "*Sorry, partner!*" when you do ditto. (It is sometimes advisable to explain the mistake by means of the principles of Mechanics if possible, or by illustrative passes with your racquet).
8. Good eyesight.—Long practice will enable the flight of the sphere to be followed, when a lofty drive propels it to the uttermost recesses of the courts of another club. In this case, possession of qualification 3. is invaluable.
9. Above all, ability cheerfully and magnanimously to reimburse the Hon. Sec. to the extent of one bob, upon the accomplishment of a successful "*drive*" into the neighbouring gardens.

Budding gladiators, stern or gentle, cease not in your efforts to acquire the above qualification, that you may be ornaments to the arena, and a credit to yourselves.

YCREP.

*Examples:—*Bother*! and *Dash*!

SUB. ED.

"MY ROUGE CHAPEAU."

(*Sad, sorrowful and sloppy swan-song of a sentimental senior*).

\+ \+ \+

I mind the day, my *rouge chapeau*,
When first you graced my head.
'Twas in October nineteen-ten,
Jove! how the time has fled.
Oh, I was young and keen for work,
My heart was all aglow;
But that was Autumn nineteen-ten,
A deuced while ago.

Hey-ho, a deuced while ago.
We strolled about the Common
You and I, my *rouge chapeau*;
And when the dainty maidens winked
We thought it time to go;
But that was Autumn nineteen-ten,
A deuced while ago.

I recollect the morning well
When first I "cut a lec."
And that for days and weeks I felt
A total moral wreck
Gad, how I used to sit and swot,
My midnight oil aglow!
But that was Autumn nineteen-ten,
A deuced while ago.

Hey-ho! a deuced while ago,
We trod the path of virtue,
You and I, my *rouge chapeau.*
We took no heed of Skating Rinks,
Nor Hippodromes, oh no!
But that, you see, was nineteen-ten,
A deuced while ago.

But now the time is drawing near,
When you and I must part,
I gaze upon your *bouton bleu*
With sad and heavy heart;



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For, oh! you bring me back again
The days I used to know;
When I was young and fresh and green,
Not *very* long ago.

Hey-ho! a score of months ago,
I was a dashing junior,
And you a bright *chapeau*.
But now your colour's tarnished,
And your presence is *de trop*;
For I shall wear a tall silk hat,
In just a week or so.

Hey-oh! in just a week or so,
I shall have left the College
And you, my old *chapeau*.
But never from my memory fade
The days I used to know,
When, as a blithesome Hartley nut,
I wore a *rouge chapeau*.

MEANDERING IN PALGRAVE.

* * *

Let me say at the outset that I am not poetical. Years of wearied toil and study in the realms of science and hard facts have rendered me well-nigh invulnerable to the subtle shafts of the "sentiment" conveyed by most poetry. Hence, when the other day, in a moment of abstraction, I took up and perused Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," I did not become hopelessly enamoured of "the fair Rosaline," or of Lucy, or of the numerous maidens whose many charms are eulogised in such burning fashions and with such suspicious verbosity. No, my state of mind was such that I interpreted everything in terms of that which occupied the focus of my attention at the time, namely, the College, and all concerning it;—this no doubt being due to the fact that I am shortly leaving the dear old place after a goodly sojourn there.

So I rambled through the book. I read lines haphazard, and the first was :—

"One have I marked, the happiest guest."

Now that exactly applies to the worthy gentleman who sat next to me at the International Peace Banquet, whose pile of "scalps," in the shape of banana skins, etc., was full two feet high at the end of the Banquet, and who was surrounded by "dead marines." But can it be that the lines which next met my eye applied to the same gentleman ?—

"Since Ferdinand and you began
Your course of love "

O fie, Ferdinand, that you never told your oldest pal! Again I read of you :—

"He was a lovely youth."

Even so.

Common room incidents came back to me with renewed vividness when I read :—

"When the lamp is shattered,"
A sweet disorder in the dress."

Or again :—

"What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know,"

was the answer evoked by "Charlie's careful questioning on the morning of the Cup Final. And I expect that Keats, when he wrote :—

"O for a draught of vintage!"

felt like a parched member of the team in the dressing-room after the match, when he was persuaded to take a fair-sized gulp of "shandy" from the Cup, despite his strict teetotalism.

Now I read the following, and scorned to apply it to our fair friends of the other corridor :—

"She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be."

With immense relief I saw on the opposite page :—

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

That's a lot better, and I must hang on to that and discard the other.

Herrick has a word which may stand some of our maidens in good stead if they ever again participate in a Leap Year Waltz. He says :—

"Then be not coy, but use your time."

Whenever I see our University girls toiling at Practical Mag. and Elect., the utter incongruity of the thing leads me to say with Sir Walter Scott:—

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid."

I don't know if Spenser ever went through the hoop at Inter., but he anticipates their little trip in July when he says:—

"At length they all to merry London came."

Coming to personal matters, I hope it was to no old chum of mine that Wordsworth refers when he mentions:—

"Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy lord!"

Our "Calf" may note:—

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;"

and "Edwin Mercer," and "H.W.W.A.":—

"Be you not proud of that rich hair."

Waggish Will of Avon "ticks off" admirably the greeting given by a well-known senior from a Northern sea-side town to a junior girl from a Southern ditto, after the Easter Vac.:—

"How like a winter has my absence been
From thee."

One would suspect "Will" of having "been there" himself.

I wondered, when I read Drummond's words, if he ever had to endure the horrors of School Prac.:—

"My thoughts hold mortal strife,
I do detest my life."

Or Wordsworth:—

"My apprehensions come in crowds."

The same Poet must have been to Woolston for he says:—

"I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea."

I feel sure that many of these great poets shared sentiments with me, for I can readily recognise the appropriateness of almost every line. So much so that I am inclined to be certain that Gay shared with me the acquaintance of sunny-haired Billy from Beechamsville, for he wrote:—

"The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet."

Never mind Billy "Every cloud etc."

And so one might go on "and rave, and rave, and rave" like Jerry Banes' north wind. May everything in after-life be tinged with the doings and spirit of the dear old Coll. in the same way, and may all things combine to keep these memories green!

POTOF.

HARTLEY BISCUITS.

* * *

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

Burns—"*On Captain Grose.*"



For saying:—

"If there's only one, its half,"

Miss Pullinger takes half a biscuit.

For saying:—

"—— in a poem about two lovers, *a man and a woman*,"

Mr. Mackie takes a biscuit.

For saying:—

"Does your pike want bumping,"

Miss Williams, an enthusiastic cyclist, takes the biscuit.

For the remark:—

"I shall not go to London to have my Degree conferred,"

Miss Fawcett, an Inter. candidate, takes a biscuit.

Also for saying:—

"Start with *Doh* and *rise* gradually,"

The same Lady takes the milk-loaf.

For saying:—

"She *heard* one of the spectators *look*."

Miss Bottomley secures a wafer.

For the observation:—

"If you act on tin with the metal you get the nitrate."

Professor Boyd takes a biscuit.

For remarking :—

"There's nothing in this space because I've got my finger on it,"

Mr. Jacobs earns a biscuit.

For translating :—

"*Hors de combat*" by "war-horse,"

A budding Hartley linguist whose name we will not mention,

Takes a biscuit.

For rendering :—

"*Poisson juif*" (hammer-fish) by "poison for Jews,"

The same student takes a second biscuit.

For saying :—

"Noble words for *base* men to sing,"

Mr. Leake takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"Don't slog the boys too hard,"

Sergeant Collins takes the biscuit.

"For enquiring in the Reference Department of the Public Library if they had a book on the "Physiography of the Stomach."

Mr. Jacobs takes the biscuit.

For paraphrasing Hamlet's remark about Polonius's dead body :—

"I shall go draw this body apart," as "I shall go and pull this body to pieces,"

Miss Ploughman takes the biscuit.

For paraphrasing :—

"That undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," as "That unknown country *down below* from which no one ever comes back."

Another English student takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

"Some children are born with an impediment in their speech,"

Mr. Houghton takes the CAKE.

"THE LOWEST FORM OF WIT."

\+ \+ \+

The following collection of verbal atrocities would not have been presented for publication had not its author long since removed himself beyond the reach of those whose righteous indignation is aroused by the mere mention of a pun, and who, having heard one, immediately look around for some hefty weapon with which to smite the punster. While in College, only the fear of a violent death prevented the author from pouring the insidious guile of his wit into the ears of everyone; so that to many this will come as a revelation, an exposure of hitherto unheard of villainies. It is something of a marvel that so inveterate a punster as T—— should have left Coll. otherwise than on a stretcher or a hearse; but that he is still alive and well, may be accounted for by the fact that he confined his inflictions to a small select circle. His jokes, too, were always so terrifically vile that the hearers were rendered powerless to retaliate—breathless—paralysed—while he calmly withdrew to a place of safety whence to gloat over the agonies of his victims.

Some self-constituted authority would have us believe that a pun is the lowest, basest, and worst form of wit; and hence we arrive at the paradox that the best pun, being the worst wit, is the worst pun; and he who propounds it, being the best of punsters, is also the very arch-villain of his species.

The Beelzebub of word-murderers has removed himself and his villainies from these halls, sacred to wisdom and learning, and it is not meet that he should do so without an exposure of his wickedness.

He has gone, but has left his *tale* behind him.

Strong familiarity with T—— had taught his little circle of victims to read in his face when a pun was imminent, even as a sailor reads in the sky signs of the coming storm. When that particular co-ordination of nerve-cells, necessary to the construction of a joke, occurred in his cerebrum the outward indication was a smile—a peculiar smile; one that germinated in his starboard optic, migrated to the other, and slowly spread thence over his face in oily undulations, just as treacle flows over suet pudding. Having reached his mouth, it rippled over his cheeks and slowly disappeared inside his collar; (the subsequent peregrination of that smile is unknown).

This facial contortion was accompanied by a low purring chuckle, and after this mild manifestation of mirth, came the pun.

But to come to business.

Observing one day the light of an unholy joy in his eye, I hastened to escape; but divining my intention he secured me, and, "Jimmy," said he, (he called me so because I am not a Jimmy), "Jimmy, I've got a joke."

With tears in my eyes and a heart stirred with deep emotion I urged him (using all the eloquence I possessed) to have more regard for his health, to give up thinking lest the strain should be too great; but my kind solicitations were of no avail. "Jimmy," he said, "I've found a cure for punning!" "Take it," I urged, with the utmost celerity. The treacle-like smile spread over his face—broadened into a grin of sheer malvolence as he murmured "It's *Anti-pon*; *anti*—against, *punus*—a pun." He did not suffer me to escape with this, but most ungrammatically went on "That *aint-a-pun*."

It is noticeable that many puns to be intelligible require rendering in the language of Whitechapel or the Ditches. For instance, T—— once told a prominent senior to get his hair cut in the words "*Geach* yer 'air cut." He found that such a joke as this, if published by all the newspapers, would become by some obscure culinary process (not mentioned by Mrs. Beeton) a *currant bun* (*i.e.* a current pun).

Another of his discoveries was the fact that the taking, in a cricket match, of three wickets in three successive bowls is termed the *hat* trick because it is done by the *bowler*.

The rendering of first aid to a flat or expiring football requires some amount of skill and technical knowledge. T—— recommends that one should wait till it "comes *round*."

He who dives deep into the sea of knowledge finds many fishy things. For instance, one day, while doing some unauthorized research work in the Chem. Lab., T—— discovered a new series of salts termed "*seasides*," obtainable from "*seacic*" acid.

"The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis," says Chas. Lamb; and to this might be added that they are generally those produced by the prompting of some sudden flash of inspiration. A new idea, a new similarity, or connection of word with word and sound with sound is suddenly apperceived, and as suddenly uttered, void, it may be, of grammatical construction and sense—a

gem of wit uncut and unpolished, yet still a gem. Imagine a staid, portly old churchwarden, radiating dignity and respectability from the top of his shiny bald pate down to his brightly polished boots; and think of him sober—sedate—a model for all, taking up the collection. Then imagine him robbed of his neat frock-coat and snowy linen, and tricked out in the gaudy cap and bells of a fool, capering a giddy dance to the shrill notes of a whistle pipe. Such is the case with a joke, in which a sober, respectable word is suddenly robbed of its correct sense, sound and application, dressed in unnatural attire, and used in a new association. Of such a nature are the following three, produced by T—— for the edification of his near neighbours during a lecture. Attention was being paid only in order to find words to warp into puns, and handkerchiefs were in constant requisition to stifle the laugh that would not be denied.

The lecturer mentioned the word "*glycerin.*"

"T——, make a pun," whispered that worthy's next-door neighbour, accompanying the command with a provocative dig in the ribs.

"All is not gold that's *glycerin*'," T—— murmered back; while the accustomed smile oozed into his face, and we vainly endeavoured to assume that dignified demeanour, and rapt, intent expression of the features which is so desirable during a lecture.

"*Bacteria*" was next mentioned, and again came the command, the nudge, the smile and the gentle reply, "Come *back to Erin*" (say it quickly, gentle reader, or the flavour is lost); then the laugh, the handkerchief to the face, and inward convulsion of smothered mirth.

The lecturer proceeded to discourse in learned fashion upon "*acetates*," and T—— gently whispered "He who *acetates* is lost." Never was truer word spoken. Mr. Next-door-neighbour-but-one "*acetated*" to smother his mirth and was politely requested to leave the lecture.

If the reader has not already succumbed, let him draw a deep breath and then take notice that it is to T—— we owe the discovery that a "*megaphone*" will "*megaphony*" noise; that a "*bloater*" is a chemical compound, namely a "*hydride*" (high dried); and that treading on another person's toe is reminiscent of a town in Portugal—"*Oporto.*"

One more word. T—— strongly advises all who cannot obtain posts as teachers to adopt the profession of sandwich-men. They will then receive the magnificent remuneration of two shillings per day and their "*board.*" A.S.A.

SMILES.

"A face that cannot smile is never good."

Martial.

♦ ♦ ♦

How Mr. Kelly made his Début at School Practice.



Having to go to a school, the whereabouts of which he had not previously ascertained, the subject of our story found some difficulty in finding his way thither, on the first morning of his "torture." Some twenty minutes late, however, he at length found the school, and his heart rejoiced.

Now it happened that on that morning there was a class drilling in the playground, to the accompaniment of popular airs played by the school drum and fife band.

Much to our hero's dismay however, as he strolled into the playground—whether it was by accident or design we have never been able to discover,—he was greeted by the strains of that popular melody—

"*Has anybody here seen Kelly.*"

Introductions.

A certain student had always been told by his lecturers in the theory and practice of teaching, that every lesson should commence with an introduction—long or short, according to circumstances. That is to say, an attempt should be made by the teacher to introduce the lesson by connecting something which the children already know with the subject of the lesson he intends giving. The student in question however, carried this principle somewhat too far, as the following example will show:—

"What does the hart do for the stream?" was the question which opened a certain lesson.

"Pants!" was the answer which burst simultaneously from the lips of half the class.

"Quite right, boys!" said the teacher. "We are just going to have a lesson now on *Trousers*."

"Quid rides?
Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur."
(Why do you laugh? Change but the name and the story is told of yourself).—*Horace.*

The Origin of the Custom of wearing Leeks on St. David's Day in Wales.

It appears that Wales was formerly infested by swarms of orang-outangs, to exterminate which the Welsh called in the aid of the English. The latter on arriving, immediately fell upon the apes with great slaughter, and succeeded in slaying thousands. They suddenly made the horrible discovery, however, that they had been killing many native Welshmen as well, since they had remarked no distinction between them and the apes. Hence it was finally agreed, that on a certain day, all Welshmen should wear leeks, in order that foreigners should distinguish them from monkeys; and the custom has survived to this day, even among the most intellectual Welshmen who have left their native land to become civilised at Hartley.

A LAMENT FROM THE W.C.R.

♠ ♠ ♠

"Oh where, oh where are my little gloves gone,
Oh where, oh where can they be;
With the fingers in holes and with no buttons on,
Oh, who will return them to me?

Oh where, oh where is the Notice Board,
Oh quickly let me see;
To lose those gloves I can't afford,
For they were a present to me.

Alas! alas! there is no place,
The Notice Board is full;
"Lost Gloves," their number grows apace,
Silk, cotton, kid and wool!

Oh, have you seen our lost gloves about,
Oh, who is putting them on?
With the buttons pulled off and the fingers worn out,
Won't you tell us where they have gone?

UNTHINKABLES.

♠ ♠ ♠

"'Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools."

Pope—"*Epistles.*"

If the bill for damages in the Common Room should be presented more than a day before the arrival of the Grant.

That Mr. N - wsh - m should not have been selected to play for the junior cricket eleven.

If Mr. V - cc - rs should come early to General Method lectures.

That *Kelly* should have "come back"—to take terminals.

If Mr. I - ns - n should miss an opportunity of telling anyone that he is played in the Cricket XI. for his "fielding."

That anyone should have doubted Mr. Fr - m - n's fidelity.

If Mr. Dixon should split less than six infinitives per lecture.

If we should not "continue this point next time," in Chemistry lectures.

That the "*Calf*" should sign himself "*Gussie.*"

TO PROFESSORS AND LECTURERS AT 11.15 A.M.

(With apologies to Lovelace).

♦ ♦ ♦

I pray you call me not unkind
When at eleven fifteen,
I banish labour from my mind
And lectures "guillotine."

True, I may miss some facts sublime,
The Laws of Gauss or Lenz;
Or learn by working overtime
The ways of Halogens.

Yet my inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love your lecs. so much,
Loved I not BUNS the more.

SCI. STUD.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE MEETING AT THE COWHERDS.

♦ ♦ ♦

IT was a dark and stormy night, when Antonio said unto Polonio, "Let us e'en betake ourselves unto the Cowherds, where a meeting of the brethren has been convened for to-night." "It has reached my ears"—continued he—"that to-night is to be discussed a direful project which, if carried into execution, may result in the establishing of a precedent unparallelled in the history of our society." Here his voice sank into an ominous inaudible whisper; but to judge by the gnashing of his teeth and the occasional hissing sound which issued therefrom, it might safely be assumed that the matter was of the most terrible significance.

The pair wended their way through multifarious lanes and alleys of the southern city where the scene of this episode opens, until they emerged upon a broad avenue, which, being followed, led them to a small, badly-lighted and evil-looking

inn standing some little distance back from the main road. On their way thither many other dark forms passed them, proceeding in the same direction; but, though they regarded each other narrowly, not a word of salutation passed between them.

Arrived at the inn, Antonio muttered to the man at the door a few words in an undertone which sounded something like *Gobli-i-o*. The man replied by the single monosyllable—*Gee*, and proceeded to usher the pair into a room at the back of the inn, behind the public-bar through which they had entered. Once inside, they removed their cloaks, which they had hitherto kept closely about their faces, and looked around. The room was a long and narrow one with a low ceiling, and was filled with men, all intently engaged in animated discussion, carried on in undertones. Their faces would have presented striking contrasts to an observer. In one corner was a group, whose faces bore expressions of malignant ferocity, while the dare-devil glint in their eyes boded ill for the unhappy persons who were the cause of the excited ejaculations which they were hissing between their teeth. Next to them was another group, whose features were characterised by expressions of grim resolution and unwavering determination to carry through to the bitter end the object which had brought them to a place so out of keeping with the intellectual nature of their noble physiognomies. Yet a third group, there was, who, with their heads close together uttered low murmurs and growls, ever and anon glaring angrily at the first group, who returned their hostile looks with interest; and casting occasional furtive and half timorous glances at the second, who took no notice of them. The features of this third group resolved themselves into cunning and crafty expressions; while it was evident from their bearing and the way in which they huddled together, that they were cowards at hearts, and had vague misgivings concerning the subject at issue. As each member arrived he would take up his position among one or other of these groups and immediately enter into the discussion.

When it appeared that all the members had arrived, following the example of the grave looking members, everyone seated himself about the long table which extended the whole length of the room. One of their number was elected chairman, and a deadly silence reigned in the room for some minutes, before it was broken by the low and impressive voice of the chairman. In a few words this solemn looking individual referred to the matter which had brought them thither, and urged them especially to ponder well upon all questions which might arise

during the discussion he was about to throw open. It was not safe for them to enter into any line of action, said he, unless each one was convinced that he had the support of every other member. Therefore, it was of no use their carrying any proposal simply by a majority, however large this might be. No! the proposal must be welcomed with unanimity; and therefore every member there present had to be brought to the same convictions, before they left the room. The discussion then commenced, and raged incessantly for four whole hours before the chairman put the proposal to the meeting. Many were the bitter words and taunts hurled from one to another during the debate, and many were the disclosures made, to tell but one tenth of which would horrify the public at large. One person in particular there was, who played a prominent part in the discussion, and whose words invariably produced a great influence upon the remainder. He seemed evidently inspired by some supernatural genius, and although, through the multitude of ideas which overwhelmed his no more than human brain, he was not able to make clear his arguments, yet his words were so obviously the result of divine intuition, that no one could doubt but that they should follow his advice. This was that the members of that meeting should risk everything in their efforts to carry out the momentous project which was the subject of the discussion. He entranced his audience with strange stories of how he was brought to understand by his presiding genius, that the step they proposed taking would bring them untold and everlasting benefit. At first, he had not been in favour of the project. His conversion, however, had taken place in a manner more marvellous than that of Paul, on the road to Damascus. The light of revelation had shone upon him; and fools were they who neglected the counsel he offered.

Yet, among the strange variety of characters there assembled, were several who, being by nature of purely materialistic and practical turn of mind, challenged the inspired one to refute the arguments which they brought forward to show that the project must necessarily and inevitably bring them harm. This however, he was unable to do, for reasons before mentioned. The gift of argumentation had not been bestowed upon him with the same lavish hand that had given him his divine foresight; and though he tried long to overthrow their arguments, the incredulous materialists remained unconvinced.

Another there was, he of the paternal cognomen, who could be convinced by neither party. In vain were the proceedings delayed for a whole hour, while attempts were made to convince

him that he was of the same opinion as the majority. Beginning with outbursts of eloquence from the more enlightened members of the assembly, they employed all the art of argument, revelation, persuasion, pleading, tears and threats, but without avail. Obdurate he remained, and at the end of nearly four hours' discussion, his was the sole dissentient voice in the room. Threats were then uttered by the members who constituted the first of the above-mentioned groups to slit the weazand of the obstinate one and drop him in the neighbouring lake. A happy expedient, however, was fortunately hit upon by one member—not he of the divine inspiration—by which some equivocal compromise was made, which satisfied at last the pertinacious one. It was indeed time, for just at that moment the signal was given that they must quit the room at once, or be in danger of immediate annihilation at the hands of H.M. Police. The proposal that the terrible project which had been the subject of the discussion should be carried into immediate execution, was put to the meeting and carried with unanimity. At this point the meeting terminated, and each member wended his solitary way homewards, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and with the same stealth as they had come.

The result of this meeting is, alas, too well known to need mention here. Suffice it to say that we hope that for the sake of the peace and happiness of future generations, such a body of conspirators and revolutionists may never again be permitted to assemble together for a purpose similar to that which brought these evil desperadoes to the "Cowherds," for such is the name of the inn which has been rendered famous in history by this important meeting which took place within its walls.



RUMINATIONS OF A CARAVANER.

♦ ♦ ♦

Where is one to begin? In rubbing down the old mare the question was easily decided. I was afraid of her ribs and back legs, so I started on her head, and only proceeded very gingerly and reluctantly, with many soothing and affectionate exhortations, to deal with her latter end. But in obeying your secretary's command to write something of my caravan holiday it is another matter. I do not in the least know where to begin. The end is dull, the middle is too long, and the real beginning is too diversified for description; a series of free entertainments for the benefit of dwellers in the county, by a horse, a van, and a funny man, or a series of excruciating crises big with the terrors of ignorance and disgrace.

Both descriptions are truthful; it depends solely on your point of view. And since I am in no mood to tell a story, that suggests a topic.

I.—The relativity of knowledge.

How ridiculous it is when you come to consider it. A professional man—let us say for example a professor of History, decides to spend his holiday in a caravan. The van weighs thirty-five hundredweight, and climbing the first hill, the hero, being innocent, omits to fix up the roller provided as a scotch for the back wheel. Half way up, not being a brute, he calls a halt, or if he does not, his horse, being a brute, unexpectedly stops. Well aware that a scotch is always present on a hill she stops with an immediate relaxation of all her muscles. The van asserts itself; there is a scrambling, stumbling, sliding and clattering; the horse objects to progressing backwards down-hill, turns sharply, and then —— sometimes it ends well, sometimes it does not. If the horse does not fall there is always a ditch or a bank. At such times there is also always a native. When I jammed the van diagonally between two gate posts leading to a field with a hideous sideway slope there were six natives on the spot within two minutes of the jam.

There always will be natives to enjoy the wreckage of a hero's nonchalance, the revelation of his ignorance and the tragedy of his shame.

And yet wherefore this disturbance? Opportunity is as large an element in the making of a professor as of a —— native, and the knowledge of each is the ignorance of the other.

A judicious blend of the best illicit Still Whiskey and the best Reading Biscuits.

"WHISCUIT."

Mr. Percy FREEMAN writes:—"Having tested a sample of WHISCUIT at a Soirée with a friend, I can certify it is wholly free from radium, helium, anopheles, mosquito, and all deleterious and prognathous compounds."

A LECTURER writes:—"I would willingly exchange my growing collection of "Hartley Biscuits" for one WHISCUIT."

"BEAR'S SOAP."

It won't wash Bears, but it will wash everything else.

Don't say you can't bear it, that has been said before.

BEARS SOAP IS THE BEST!

If we didn't think so we would not say it.

When in doubt what to do next, buy

BEAR'S SOAP.

JUNIORS LIKE IT.

THE - - -

"CRŒSUS"

Trousers Stretcher!

As used by Engineers

— AND —

Third Year Normals.

Easily adjusted. Will make old trousers new, and new trousers like Mr. Porter's.

The Invention of the Century!

NO MORE
CORRUGATED
PANTS!

ASK FOR THE

"CRŒSUS,"

And have LEGS LIKE PAPER-KNIVES.

When the native exclaims "Now then guv'nor! what the —— are you up to?" or sagely suggests "Yer ought to 'ave put the scotch on," you should not allow him to go on placidly expectorating with a superior air as he contemplates the tangle. No! then is the time to demonstrate the relativity of all knowledge, by firmly demanding of the native a recital of the cathedrals and churches in which Cromwell stabled his horses, or of the country houses in which Elizabeth never spent a night.

That would flatten the beggar out.

But alas! few of us are capable enough of rising to such heights.

The van drunkenly leaning up against a couple of gate posts, or lopsidedly winking its small window at us out of a ditch, is palpable proof that *our* knowledge, no less than that of the native, is simply relative. Of course we knew it. But to have it blared forth before a native! That is too much. We cling so to the appearance and authority of knowledge that we cannot bear to have our justifiable ignorance unmasked. Our self-respect crumples up and leaves us stammering feeble excuses, and sweating with shame, as at a transgression discovered. Well, really; it is a transgression that is discovered—the transgression of conceit. A truly humble man would cheerfully declare, "Bless your soul I know I'm a fool with a horse and a van, but you're as big a one, I've no doubt, when it comes to dealing with Elizabeth."

N.B.—Avoid making the above remark in this form to a man whose wife is called Elizabeth.

II.—Instinct v. Scruples.

"*Wanted immediately—good plain Cook!*" How many thousand times a week does that despairing wail of distracted housewives resound through the empire. To judge by the daily press a good plain cook is harder to find than a candidate for Parliament.

I have discovered the reason.

I knew nothing of cookery when I started out.

Judging by the advertisements, I believed it a most difficult art. Far from it. It is only a messy one. With the aid of a little commonsense I very soon added the cook to my goodness and plainness, and in the process discovered the reason for the scarcity of that desirable combination among women.

Women are—so I am told—creatures of instinct and intuition. Some of them strenuously deny it, but many of

them demonstrate it—at least in their cooking. Mrs. Beeton, for example, tells you constantly to take a pinch of this, a handful of that, or a piece of the other, quite oblivious of the fact that natural endowment dictates the size of the pinch and hand, while a piece is merely something less than all. But even when she is exact her disciples are not.

If I read "ounce" or "pound," I weigh them. "If I read "table spoon" or "desert spoon," I use them, and then taking a knife, cut across the top of the spoon and so obtain the exact quantity.

Consider, for example, "Quaker Oats!" The correct proportions (ask my guests if you don't believe it), are one part oats to one of milk and two of water. Daily I measured to the last scruple, and therefore my porridge was of an even excellence day in and day out.

But a woman! if she measures for six days it is all you can expect. After that she goes by the feel of it; pours everything straight into the pan and works by instinct.

Porridge accordingly.

So with all her cooking.

Of course, if she is a genius, you have occasionally a heaven of delight. Otherwise you have constantly an advertisement for a good plain cook.

Those who aspire to a really reliable heaven know but one sure way of getting it. They engage a *chef*, that is, one who gets a large salary for having been born not only a cook but also a man. His genius is the safe kind—an infinite capacity for taking pains.

P.S.—Of course I am a suffragist, so you need not write to the editor. Once upon a time I was a hopeful suffragist. Now that so many women have descended to the level of men and declared that the end justifies the means, I am less hopeful. I looked for the qualitative strengthening of the electorate. I fear it will be merely quantitative, unless the self-sacrifice which accompanied the descent is turned into better channels.

III.—I wonder!

I wonder why so many farmers of Shropshire dislike parsons and preachers! To one I said "May I camp on your ground for the night?" "Any family?" says he. "Not here." "Do any damage?" "I hope not." "What are you doing in the van?" "Only holidaying." "What are you?" "A parson."

"Sorry," says he, without hesitation, "I have no convenient pitch." And that meant another five miles for me, to say nothing of a sore head.

True he was a crusty fellow. But I was never turned away by crustiness which was in ignorance of my profession.

To another I said "May I camp on your ground for the night?" "Are you a missionary?" was his answer, "because if you are you may come in and my charge is £5 a night." "But I am not a missionary; I am only a lunatic on the spree." "Then," said he, "come along and have a glass of cider." I was very comfortable there.

To a third, on whose farm I had spent ten happy days, I said "Do you know that I am a parson?" "Well! he replied I should never have thought it." "Why not?" After a lot of pressing he seemed to indicate that he missed a certain professional superiority, uncomfortableness, inhumanity or what not.

These are only typical cases. It is very terrible. Here are men appointed to preach the gospel and to minister to the people, but of all comers they are least welcome at many farms, at any rate in Shropshire. Do some of them expect material food in exchange for spiritual? Do they beg off the farmers for the good of the "cause?" Do they make free with his home and endeavour to convert him and his to their particular—*ism*? Do the resident clergy and ministers patronise him, or lord it over him? Are they inconsiderate? tactless?

I cannot tell. I only know that many farmers do not want them, and certainly would not talk to them as they talked to me while my profession was a secret.

The worst of it is the people in outlying districts are lonely. They thirst to express themselves and to find sympathy; they are eager listeners if you will speak humanly and not try to win adherents for your particular and ultimately unimportant —*ism*.

They want to touch verities in the spiritual world as they do in the natural.

Do they dislike us because they consider us shams, or at least not verities? I painfully wonder. Meanwhile there is a very interesting ministry waiting in lonely parts for the informal human caravaner, who has no ghost of an idea that it *is* a ministry.

A.R.A.

COLLEGE LIMERICKS

♠ ♠ ♠

At Coll. there's a fellow called Percy,
Enthralled by a fair Normal Circe ;
The amorous turk
Has bilked all his work,
If he pass his exam. it's a mercy.

Said a man whose abode to the east lay,
The state of the roads, sir, is beastly ;
And I punctured my tyre—
Said the lecturer—liar!
There're no thorns on the roads out at Eastleigh.

A vicarious youth here from Leicester,
Met a charming young girl and addreicester ;
" On the Itchen we'll go
In a boat for a row."
At first she refused, so he preicester.

OUR BOOK SHELF.

♠ ♠ ♠

Golden Treasury. *Francis T. Palgrave*, (MacMillan & Co.)

THIS tasty little volume fills a long felt want on our book-shelves. We often yearned for something handy and yet massive, with which to pot at the office cat, and this collection of doggerel is just IT.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Palgrave, but we might venture the remark that he could have employed his spare time to much better advantage than in grubbing for imitation pearls amongst the waste paper basket of his editor friends.

We have not read this volume and therefore can speak of it without prejudice. But our office boy who graduated from a Southampton Board School, with a double first in brushwork and organized games, and just missed his blue for marbles, tells us it is poor stuff and lacks the true inspiration of " Nick Carter." We believe him. Having absolute trust in his

literary discrimination, we have asked him to wade through the dreary bilge and separate whatever faintly resembles wheat from this garner of chaff.

As a result of his labours we have been able to run our eye over some versification (we do not call it poetry) which is often pretty and sometimes clever. The writers appear to be excellent young men with a distaste for honest work, and a desire to pose before "the young suburban thing," as inspired geniuses with their eyes in a fine frenzy rolling.

A Mr. Shelley (no doubt a name to conjure with in Upper Tooting Circles) contributes some rather clever doggerel "To a Skylark." This collection of rhyming lines would not be altogether unpleasant to read, but unfortunately there is a great want of accuracy throughout. In the first verse, for instance, the poetaster in apostrophising (we believe that is the correct word) the feathered creature, makes use of the astoundingly dogmatic assertion "bird thou never wert." Surely this is carrying the thing too far. We are ready to believe that a whale is not a fish, or that Mr. Shelley is not a poet, but regretfully we must insist that a skylark *is* a bird. Our young friend must try again.

On dipping once more into Mr. Palgrave's bran-tub, we fish up another bird. This time an "Ode to a Nightingale." Mr. Keats regards a Nightingale as a "Dryad," probably because this word contains two syllables, instead of the monosyllabic "bird" which would not suit the exigencies of Mr. Keats' exacting muse. We have never met a Dryad in any zoo or classification of British Fauna—but then we have not the pleasure of residing at Tooting.

In this poem ("heart throbs," Mr. Keats would doubtless phrase it), the writer endeavours to portray the hallucinations which accompany the pernicious habit of drinking hemlock and other opiates. In his second verse he goes further and speaks boastingly of his thirst for alcohol (not a very fitting theme for a suburban muse). We deprecate the broadcast disseminations of these bibulous babblings as being calculated to seduce our Junior Normals from the path of almost total abstinence, handing them over in scores to the Demon of Drink.

As a proof that we are not needlessly alarmist we may state that last Bank Holiday, after reading this pernicious stuff, two of our mildest men shamelessly swaggered into a country inn and demanded "two small beaded bubbles and a split Hippocrene."

In a subsequent stanza the poet confesses that he cannot tell what flowers are at his feet; but whether his deplorable ignorance is the result of intemperate habits or of a defective education in Nature Study, does not transpire. Let us pass to something worth wasting time over.

Courtship in a Nutshell. A Hand-Book for the Amorous, by *Cyril Rimmer, Ph. D.*, (Phlighty Dog.)

Cyril has had considerable experience in what Shakespeare would call "capering nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute." Cyril knows all about it; yea verily, he hath been there.

Soft Nothings. *Harold Viccars*, (Spooner & Co.)

The author who is one of our leading practitioners, supplies the bashful youth with a whole magazine of complimentary artillery. Armed with this valuable *vade-mecum*, soirées will no longer be a bugbear to the most timorous swain. You simply look round the girls, select your victim and con a few opening remarks from Mr. Viccars' handbook and go in and win. The arrangement is alphabetical. So when you desire to compliment a lady on her eyes, you simply buzz up *orbs* and select any of the accompanying adjectives—brilliant—sparkling—watery—googlie—top-hole—*brown* etc.

Bye-Ways at Bitterne. *Richard Bell*, (Huggins & Co.)

An excellent account of some rambles undertaken by Mr. Bell in the neighbourhood of Bitterne. There is much in the volume that is too scientific for the lay reader; but with the author's main position, we have no quarrel.

Recent Discoveries concerning the Melting Point of Snow. *Professor Jacobs*, (Armstrong & Puncheon.)

An account of some demonstrations made at the Hartley College last term by the Professor of Pugilistics Professor, Jacobs know how to catch the eye, as well as the ear, of his audience.

Love-All, or Which Loved him best. A Tennis romance, by *Percy Phreemann*, (Racquets, Squash & Co.)

Lady readers will shyly peep into the last chapter before reading this book, and having satisfied themselves that "all's well that ends well," they will settle down to enjoy the hero's amusing adventures in hunting with the hounds and running with the hare.

Barcelona, or "Why I am a Nut." Autobiography of *Porter, Esq.*

An amusing and instructive collection of reminiscences by Southampton's most celebrated boulevardier.

Barrell's Geometry.

A most amusing skit on Euclid. There is not a page that will not excite roars of laughter. A piece of excellent fooling.

Midsummer Night's Dream, by *William Shakespeare.*

William seems to have written this as a second-rate imitation of the Elizabethan style. Worse, he plagarises from our one and only G. Bernard Shaw. He makes the hero address the heroine as follows: "Hang off, thou cat, thou burr, vile thing, let loose." This is an echo of "Man and Superman."

Hamlet, by the same.

William is surely a Wilhelmina. There are so many *risqué* passages in this play that the author must be a woman.

Hartley University College Examination Papers, History Department. We are aweary of the word "discuss."

Excuses for Cutting Lectures, by *Mr. Porter.*

A large and varied assortment, carefully tested by the author himself.

Corridor Chats, by *Mr. Snow.*

A charming pot-pourri of infantile prattle.

Tennis Attitudes, by *Mr. Thomas.*

Illustrated by portraits of the author. Graceful and picturesque.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost."

A pathetic little poem. It is still uncertain whether the author is Mr. Ireland or Mr. Ambler.

The English Language for Students in Training Colleges. Vol. I.—The Adjective and Interjection. *Nesfield & Leigh,* (Damit & Co., Munich; 4/6 net.)

This book will appeal to a large circle of students who at times find their vocabulary inadequate. We know of no book

which will equip one alike for the Common Room, the Rugby Scrum, and the Examination Room, as this will do.

The British Weekly says—"Buy it."

The Winning Post says—"Hot Stuff."

Girls, and how to dodge them. By *F. Hargreaves*, (Avenue Press; 1/-)

This little book comes fresh from the pen of an experienced writer. It will be clear to the veriest novice on opening the book that the author has "been there."

The Times says—"Should be read only by the experienced."

The Winning Post says—"The Author is evidently one of the 'Lads of the Village.'"

The Glad Eye. Being an essay on the British Constitution, by *S. Young*, Associate in Hots (Oxon). (John Long & Co.; 15/-)

Evidently the author is at home here.

We understand that this valuable addition to the study of Comparative Pathology was written during the gifted author's recent isolation in the New Forest.

The Winning Post says—"Phew."

This book has been refused by *The Times* Book Club, Mudies and Batts.

Carving. By *Anon.* (Beeton's Household Series; 1/-)

This little work should be of great value to any student who is studying the art of "cutting." The author, who is of a retiring disposition, has made a thorough study of his business. His chapter on "How to get your Grant posted to you," is a triumph.

We are asked by the senate to state that the author will not get a third year.

How to dodge the Inter. Exam. By the *Artful One.* (Wyman and Sons; 9d.)

This book is full of extremely interesting matter. A short synopsis of the author's scheme is as follows.

Let it be generally known among Staff that you have applied for forms;—apply for forms;—ask for certif. of good conduct;—return forms on very latest date filled up wrongly,

DO YOU WANT ENOUGH

Money for Life?

THERE IS NO DENTRIFICE LIKE

TUSKILINE!

It will not produce for its user enough money for life, but it is an excellent Tooth Paste.

Suitable also for cleaning Golf Balls

MR. TIP GOING writes—"Thanks to your inestimable preparation, my teeth are now quite free from enamel."

In Shilling Tins = 1/1½

AKER OATS

SEND FOR A

FREE COOKER

Price 2/6.

A Glazier's Daughter writes from the Crystal Palace—"Cucumbers, green apples and lobsters were alike useless to me. I never got a pain in my sash till I ate AKER OATS."

Mr. Jessie Collins writes—"I feed my three cows on your AKERS."

YOU BUY IT IN THREEPENNY PACKETS. TWO FOR SEVENPENCE.

without certif. of good conduct and without fee;—lose letter from University under door-mat until too late;—go home at ordinary time, taking week off for private study;—inform authorities that you have failed in Physics;—take certif. in December. Net gain—£10.

Science without Tears. *Anon.* (The Dry Eye Press).

We have read this amusing book with great interest. The author appears to be a fanatic on the question of the "Indignity of Work." The book is utterly unpractical (worse luck).

STRI(V)ING.

* * *

"Let us strike!" moaned the Elephants up at the Zoo,
"Let us strike, for they've given us too much to do;
And we only had twenty-three buns yesterday—
Let us strike!"

"Let us strike!" cried the schoolboy one half-holiday,
"Let us strike! that's the thing, all the grown-ups say;
And we're really fed-up now, with working at play—
"Let us strike!"

"Let us strike!" said the sailors afloat on the sea,
"Let us strike, for we've nasty tinned milk in our tea;
And we'd rather be landlubbers turning the hay—
Let us strike!"

"Let us strike!" planned some miners of limited view,
"Let us strike—for the world needs making a new—
And we'll be the architects! Hip, hip! Hoo-ray!
Let us strike!"

"Let us strike!" screamed a young militant Suffragettte,
"Let us strike, let us strike, and we'll get that vote yet,
Though the people whose windows we've broken may say
'*Let them strike*!'"

M. M. C.

THE CHICKS' CORNER.

♦ ♦ ♦

My Dear Chicks,

Our nice kind Editor has been turning things over in his mind since receiving your nice little notes. He finds that some of the toddlers who have not yet passed their Matrickums, as well as some of the grown-ups in the staff room, who are "oh *so* serious," were not able to appreciate the contents of our Easter number. So he has asked me, whom you must now call Aunt Thomasina, to write a special letter for your very own.

Although my name is Aunt Thomasina, you must not confuse me with Uncle Thomas, who has made Tennis a graceful as well as a fine Art. He is known by the grown-ups at Atherley as La Masculine Milo. He is very fond of the little ones, so when you meet him, my dears, just say Cheer ho, Milo! and he will give you a penny; if he is near enough to you he may give you something quite different.

Now I must tell you what I want you all to do. You must write your Auntie a nice long letter enclosing a postal order for sixpence to cover expenses. It does not matter what the letter is about, my dears; we shall not read it. But please remember the postal order. Our Editor finds it very thirsty work putting articles into the waste-paper basket.

Also, you must begin now and save up all your pennies for the picnic to the Isle of Wight which will come off next Greek Kalends.

And finally, if you have not already joined our League of Kindness, you must do so. All you have to do is to send your name and a postal order for one shilling, and you are a member for life. The name is not so very important, but the postal order is *sine qua non*, which is Latin my dears, for essential in the extreme.

All members are bound to be kind to ladies and other dumb animals, and to resolve when they grow up to be fine manly men with empire-building moustaches like Uncle B-rn-s.

Do you ever watch good, kind Uncle C-r-l waiting about the corridor under the clock? Do you know what he is waiting for, my dears? I suppose not. You are too young, my petlets. Well, he is waiting to speak a kind word to someone. When

quite young, at a P.T. Centre in fact, he joined the League of Kindness. Do you not all wish to grow up like Uncle C-r-l?

Then do you ever notice Uncle M-lls? Of course he is only a beginner, but he has come on wonderfully since his first soirée. He also belongs to the League, but has not yet sent us his P.O., and so he will not get his bronze medal with the asbestos string, which will not burn even if worn near the heart.

I am sending medals to happy little H-r-ld, and pushful P-rcy. The latter has been saving up his coupons, and intends to furnish his house on Black Cat wrappers.

Did any of our babes ever watch Uncle D-cky running after the Bitterne Park Tram? Yes, my lambkins, Uncle D-cky is very fast.

There are many more of your Uncles, my saplings, who are active members of the League. They are all worth watching. So please send us a nice long letter *and* some nice crisp postal orders. We shall then enroll you, and you can begin noticing. If you are very successful you will be asked to tea by Papa; that is called scoring an outer. If you score a bulls-eye you will probably "ring the *belle*."

No more at present, my cherubs, but ponder well what I have said, *and* send along those postal orders.

Your oleaginous Auntie,

THOMASINA.

P.S.—Never mind your Uncle Sn-w; he is merely a nut masquerading as a nugget.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

♠ ♠ ♠



Note.—All enquiries should he addressed to "The Knut" and must bear the writer's name, address, height, size of feet, colour of eyes and status in College. A reply will be wired to any short query on receipt of a reply-paid telegraph form. (Telegrams "Knutty, Hartley.") There is no charge.

G-dd-n.

1. Did she?
2. No it is not usual to award a Tennis 'Blue,' hut there is no harm in applying.

L - - gh (Burslem).

1. No, we helieve it is Oscar Wilde (not Carlyle) who calls himself a master of language.
2. Yes we have noticed the resemhlance.

R² F.

1. No really?
2. Oh yes—curse it.
3. Saucy puss!
4. The fact that she laughed when your hat hlew off, would hardly be considered an introduction in the hest circles, Was it the brown hat?

T.S. (Carlisle).

Yes the 'Windsor' has a noticeahle cover; of course there wasn't time to put another hack on. You might have missed some of the lecture.

Ginger.

1. The book you require is "The Game and Playe of Chesse." It contains an interesting chapter on Checks hy Varney.
2. Glad to hear you were in the huilding. Do you know a place where the 'hoy' can't find you! Did you try the Salishury Cider?

Mills.

1. It is a question of taste. Great players are notoriously erratic; some prefer hohnails and oilskins. No. Ruhher shoes and a helt are not necessary—merely a fad. The Dohertys usually wore chain mail, a silk hat and spurs.

Gl - - d.

1. Yes it was a queer mistake to make, but you must remember the Inspector did not know any of the staff.
2. By all means apply. There is a vacancy at Borough Road too.

Snargs.

1. The quotation is as follows, and is from 'Twelfth Night'

"A little scrubbed boy—a very dishonest paltry boy."

It is rather late now to take action.

2. Yes we have noticed the 'bicycle.' You should let Buxey clean it or you may he mistaken for one of the staff,

Archibald.

1. Certainly not! Fancy your suggesting such a thing! We believe the infant came from Woolston.

2. Yes we often go up the Avenue on Sunday Afternoons.

Huck.

By all means encourage him with a nod during Chemistry lectures. Don't overdo it though. He may get conceited.

Benny L.

Yes, he did look silly, but he is probably used to that. Was "All that blusters is not bold," the quotation you were thinking of.

Weber (Jun.)

We have looked up several works on the fungi (including "Vergleichende Morphologie de Pilze,"—*F. Von Tavel*) and can find no mention of the growth you describe. Do you think it may be a moustache? See a doctor at once.

Cyril.

1. Yes we were very surprised at Kite ourselves.

2. We agree, your manner is awe inspiring. Have you ever tried swearing? (See "The English Language," by *Nesfield & Leigh* in our review column).

Calf.

What a funny question to ask you; but inspectors are funny people Perhaps she meant "Are you strong mentally?"

P. T. F.

We don't know of any exhaustive treatise, but there is a very instructive chapter on the Breach of Promise Laws in "Girls, and how to dodge them," by *F. Hargreaves*. (See our book column).

Frankie.

Yes we noticed he had dropped out. Did you bribe him or can you pugil? Did she mind?

Sidney.

Whenever we have been in the Forest in June we have always, unfortunately, been '*solus*' but we can easily believe what you say.

Raymond.

We don't know whether it is possible to bring a brain to a head by means of a fish poultice, but we should strongly advise you to try.

Pat.

Hardly a tenor we think,—more of a barrow-tone. Why not try Bass. It is supposed to give a liquid tone if taken in large quantities.

Jarge,

1. Yes, we have heard about it. We believe the Senate never plays cards in the morning.

2. No he had no right in there. Who left the door open? We expect it was only his fun.

Sinbad.

1. Yes, we bad beard. Why not try yourself. It pays better than teaching. And you are pre-eminently suited for the job, It isn't as though you had a sense of humour. Of course, as you say, there *are* enough old women in parliament already; but still, one more would'nt make much difference.

2. Don't take any notice, of course you are a senior.

S. W. (St. Helens).

No, don't get it cut now. Wait until the Chrysanthemum shows are over in the autumn.

George.

No, we don't think be meant that you should be dismissed. No special mention was made of the Education department; and there are other office boys, you know.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

♠ ♠ ♠

Owing to the shortness of the present term and the rival attractions of other interests peculiarly confined to the Summer, the proceedings of the above Society provide scant material for a lengthy report. It was early decided to hold no ordinary meetings this term owing to the lack of interest displayed in such meetings last Summer. Almost all possible excursions in the neighbourhood having been exhausted last year by the exuberant zeal of the secretary at that time, it was found rather difficult to arrange any at all this year.

On Wednesday, June 12th, a visit was paid to Messrs. Spooner and Bailey's Sulphuric Acid Works at Totton. In spite of the disgraceful nature of the weather on that day, nearly 20 members of the Society braved the elements, and enjoyed the visit very much indeed. The party was conducted round by the manager, who explained the process very clearly. We were first shown the crude pyrites, obtained, we learnt, from Spain. We then passed a battery of furnaces in which the pyrites undergoes spontaneous combustion, and saw close to it the apparatus supplying oxides of nitrogen to balance the loss due to waste in the process.

We were then taken up the Glover tower, and from thence on to the top of the lead chambers in which the acid is formed. We then saw the plant for removing arsenic and other impurities from the commercial acid. This part of the process was not in actual operation however. We then proceeded to the Gay Lussac tower, which is generally similar in construction to the Glover tower, but rather higher; and we finished our tour by inspecting the room in which the acid was formerly concentrated in glass retorts. By far the greater part of the works is built of wood and lead; the chambers and both the towers being constructed entirely of thin sheet lead built into a skeleton of beams.

The session now closing has been a record one for the Society. The membership is far higher than ever previously, and more ordinary meetings have been held than in any preceding year. The numerical attendance, and the interest displayed at meetings, have been much better than hitherto, and only in the matter of excursions has the present season been surpassed by any former one. It is hoped, and confidently expected, that next season will be at least as successful as the present.

C.S.A.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—Balance Sheet.

Income.	£	s.	d.
Balance from last session		3	8
Sale of Syllabuses ..		14	2
		17	10

Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
Printing 90 cards ..		8	0
Correspondence, etc. ..			11
Bell		1	3
Stationery			2
Balance in hand ..		7	6
		17	10

PEACE BANQUET ACCOUNT.

Income.	£	s.	d.
Grant from C.U. ..		15	0
In hand (see above) ..		7	6
Sale of Invitation Cards	3	10	2
Sale of Food		2	4
Cards over		1	4
	£4	16	4

Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
E. Woolerson	1	18	10
Jones		16	11½
Skerry		10	6
Baker & Co.		2	8
Sundries		9	0
Gratuity to Caretaker ..		2	6
Washing dishes		1	6
Cox & Sharland ..		13	0
Ribbons			4
Balance in hand ..		11	0½
	£4	16	4

JNO. HOUGHTON,

(*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer*).

CHRISTIAN UNION.

WOMEN'S BRANCH.

Two United Meetings have been held this term at Bevois Mount House, one on May 19th and the other on June 16th.

We were very pleased that Mr. Tomlinson was able to be with us on the first occasion, and his address was much enjoyed and appreciated by those who were present.

At the second meeting we were forunate enough to secure the services of the Rev. R. A. Mitchell, Vicar of Highfield, who gave us a most interesting address. We were sorry that so few were able to be present.

Miss Sedgwick paid our Union a visit during May, and although the time was inconvenient for many Members, her talks proved very helpful and inspiring to those who were able to see her.

We are sorry to say we are losing Miss Sedgwick as Travelling Secretary but hope to welcome her successor, Miss K. Evans of the University of Bristol, next year.

We hope that four of our Members will be able to go to Swanick in July, and trust that they will come back filled with enthusiasm for carrying on the work of the C.U. in our College.

HOSTEL NOTES.



SINCE many Hostelites seem to be burning with the desire to see their names in print, it is a matter producing much surprise that some of them do not perform feats worthy of a place in the annals of the Hostel. The pathetic cries of "*Do* put me in the 'Hostel Notes' this time!" which rent the air one evening were too piteous to be endured.

One of the chief events of this term was the visit of H.M. inspectors. Since "Coming events cast their shadows before," it was only natural that attempts should be made to follow Buckingham's example and have a "Rehearsal." It was as well that "lights out" in the Study interrupted this affecting performance, for fears for the safety of several people's reason were entertained. We wonder if government inspectors in reality resemble the proverbial Cheshire cat! The terrified "teacher" performed her patent "nerve-restoring-and-panic-dispelling" deep breathing exercises, (no connection with the patent Examination-passing tabloids), with such vigour that her contorted face assumed a more roseate hue than is customary, while her eyes, fixing an imaginary wearer of pale blue hair-ribbons, took on a glossy stare. If the rehearsal produced such effects, what was the result of the actual ordeal?

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During one week of this term, we all exclaimed with "Hamlet," "The Play's the thing;" but it was not "Hamlet" we went to see. By the intervention of a sort of fairy god-mother, the Hostel Cinderellas witnessed "King Lear," and greeted the well known reference to "modified fog horns" with as many smiles as were in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. The performance was one which we shall all remember, and our very best thanks are due to the aforesaid fairy godmother.

The Whitsun holiday was illuminated by the presence of various shining lights of last year returning to the scenes of their crimes. Chief among them was "Miss Tassi," whose descriptions of Schools and Schoolmistresses whose hair stuck out "a yard behind," deserve a place beside the "Schools and Schoolmasters" of some old Scot, whose name lies forgotton on some dusty shelf of the present writer's memory. And several more visitors must be remembered, for were not our ears gladdened (and deafened) by the rising of the original "Beautiful twinkling Star?"

All students interested in that facinating subject, the Teaching of Geography, will be pleased to hear of a splendid example of water erosion which took tbe Hostel hy surprise late one evening. About 10.30 p.m. there was a loud crash which caused great consternation, and fears were entertained for the safety of some of the most quiet students who were thought to be squashed flat beneath a screen. Far from being crushed however, the same students valiantly descended to make a tour of the house, and were met hy a shivering group of maids who were looking for the noise half way down the hack staircase. All the pictures were in place, and the pantry was opened as being a place where there was "nothing to fall." The unexpected always happens, however! Great had been the fall, "The fall of the House of Usher" being nothing in comparisou, for a goodly portion of the ceiling lay on the floor in company with pieces of crockery. Apparently overcome by former weight of water, the plaster had at last given way; after this discovery, the procession mounted aloft and imparted its discovery to the owners of various dishevelled heads which appeared round doors.

Since the term is drawing to a close, and the house is falling to pieces, the best thing for the Hostelites to do is to say farewell to Southampton for a longer or shorter period, the departing Seniors leaving their good example as a legacy to the Juniors, who soon will be Juniors no longer. Our parting wish to them is that they will try to live up to the good reputation of their Seniors, although they may never attain to such a height of perfection!

A.B.

CHESS NOTES.

♠ ♠ ♠

This term Chess has taken a back seat, Tennis and Cricket, etc., being more in season.

At the end of the Easter term, two matches were played in the Trophy Competition:—

v Southampton "D," Lost 1 to 4.
v Basingstoke .. Lost 2 to 3.

Our Trophy Match record is as follows :—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Games for.	Games against.
6	2	3	1	14	16

Mr. Mackie was our most consistent player, winning all his games; Prof. Masom also did not lose a match.

Our two friendly games with Southampton resulted in a draw for each club.

At the General Meeting this term, Prof. Masom kindly presented the prizes given in the Chess Tournament. Thanks are due to our President, Prof. Masom, and Captain, Prof. Watkin, for these prizes; and also to Prof. Watkin for kindly entertaining our opponents on several occasions.

H.W.W.A.

TENNIS NOTES.

♥ ♥ ♥



THE season opened in glorious weather on April 27th, since when the courts have been rarely vacant, the membership this year being well over 90.

We are pleased to say that the team has met with more success this season than last, owing chiefly to the greater keenness of the 'tail.' The difficulty is whom to leave out. Of the Juniors, who are all very keen, we are sorry that only one, Miss Ploughman, has found a place in the team. We wish Prof. Lyttel had been able to assist us more.

Except for the last week or two, when several good matches were interfered with, we have been very well favoured by the weather.

Seniors v. Juniors May 4th.

After considerable deliberation the Junior team was picked, Miss Aubrey, Miss Hamilton, Prof. Lyttel, and Dr. Jones playing for them. Though not expecting to lose, we were hardly prepared for such an overwhelming victory as 12-0. The only set won by the Juniors was taken from Agate and Miss Chappell by Prof. Lyttel and Miss Hamilton. The Juniors, however, were under the disadvantage of being strange to the courts, and were not fully represented.

v. Commercials. May 11th.

We were fortunate enough to be assisted by Mr. Clark in our away match with the Commercials. There team was not so strong as in previous years, as a large section of their players had formed into another club, and we were thus able to avenge last season's defeat of 5 events to 7, winning by 9-3.

v. Tartans. May 18th.

This was our first home match, and we did little better than in the corresponding match last year, losing by 3 events to 9. Though the better team won, the Coll. should not have done so badly. With the exception of the 1st Ladies' Double, the only events won were gained by the "tail."

Events were won by Misses Hamilton, Chappell, Aubrey, Watts, and Messrs. Ireland and Moriarty.

On the following Saturday, May 25th, we had no match, and two or three members very pluckily entered for the Barnardo Tournament, Miss Hennen reaching the Semi-final, and Miss Hamilton the 3rd Round.

v. Swaythling. May 29th.

On this day Swaythling visited us, and a pleasant afternoon's play resulted in a victory of 10-2 for the Coll. The courts were suffering from the prolonged drought, and this re-acted more unfavourably on our opponents than on us.

We were sorry not to be able to play the return match, which was arranged for June 19th, the College being busy on that date.

v. Southampton Recreative Club.

Having won easily against their second team last year, we were under the impression that we were to play their first this time, but were disappointed. The day was showery and cold, but playing under difficulties we won by 10-2. We are very grateful to Miss Eustice, and Mr. Humby for assisting us, the weather being too much for two regular members of the team.

College Tournament. June 5.

After several days of suspense with regard to the weather, the Tournament day dawned bright and glorious. The number of entrants was encouraging, the handicappers having some difficulty in arranging the 19 pairs. The odds varied between, owe 40½ and receive 30.

A start was made soon after 2 o'clock, and every set in the 1st Round justified the handicappers' decisions, 8-7 (the best of 15 games was played) being not an uncommon result. The 2nd and 3rd Rounds were hardly so close, but produced a number of good sets. Thcse brought together in the Semi-Finals, Agate and Miss Chappell (owe 40½) and Burgess and Miss Cooper (receive ½15) ; and Ashworth and Miss Hamilton (owe 30½) and Godden and Miss Beresford (receive 30). Of these Agate and Miss Chappell, won 6-2, 7-5 ; and after a long struggle Godden and Miss Beresford won 6-4 in the 3rd set. Thus in the Final, which was played the following evening, the extreme handicaps met. Agate and Miss Chappell, however, could do nothing against such heavy odds and Godden and Miss Beresford won by two straight sets (6-1), (6-2).

Immediately afterwards the weather again broke up.

It poured hard during the morning of June 8th, and on learning that the weather was the same at Portsmouth, our match with Portsmouth Teachers was abandoned. It then cleared up and a member of the team who went down to Southsea found them playing!

Two attempts have been made to play the Staff. On Wednesday, June 12th, rain made play totally out of the question, and on the following

Saturday rain again interfered with the match, though some play was possible.

We have still several matches to play and hope to get results quite as good as we have had up to the present.

To conclude, we are very grateful to the ladies who helped with the teas, which were generally partaken of *al fresco* under the tree on our own courts.

R. J. C. W.

SWIMMING CLUB.

\+ + +

The first year of the Swimming Club is now practically over, and its work may be safely reviewed. Its members have had some very enjoyable times at the Baths, which have been very well patronised. Nearly every day a small crowd, sometimes over twenty, has gathered and sported in the briny. The life-saving has gone with a swing, and over twenty awards have been gained. These include three silver medallions and nine instructors' certificates. Polo matches have not been as frequent as desired, but that is owing to the difficulty in arranging them, not to any reluctance on our part to enter them. The A team was entered for a race at the "*Titanic*" gala and secured a second place with ease, beating the Royal Army and Navy Swimming Club and Winchester Club. It is hoped that the club will receive a great deal of support next session, and that it will continue to be as helpful as hitherto.

E.W.

CRICKET NOTES.

♦ ♦ ♦



Under the able captaincy of W. J. Bendrey, the College C C. has had a most successful season. Only two matches have been lost, and one of those could scarcely be called a 1st XI. match.

The feature of the season has been the splendid batting of Bendrey. On two occasions only has he failed to reach double figures. His average of 113 speaks for itself. In recognition of his batting prowess and of his century against Woolston in particular, the Committee have awarded him a blazer,—all will agree that this is an honour he richly deserves. Hone has also batted exceedingly well. The stands between him and Bendrey will not soon be forgotton by those who were privileged to see them.

Viccars heads the bowling averages, with Bendrey a good second. Mead has also done yeoman service with the ball.

The fielding of the team on the whole has been good, although marred by temporary lapses.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Phillips for umpiring at the beginning, and also to Mr. Toogood for continuing Mr. Phillips' work.

BATTING AVERAGES (up to and including June 15th).

Seniors *v.* Juniors Batting not included.

		No. of Innings.	Times Not Out.	Total Runs Scored.	Most in Innings.	Average.
1.	W. T. Bendrey	9	5	517	137*	129·25
2.	R. A. Hone	7	2	187	68*	37·4
3.	G. E. Terrey	9	1	164	78*	20·5
4.	H. W. Viccars	4	1	48	26	16
5.	S. R. Ruffel	6	2	59	29*	14·75
6.	R. Mead	9	0	93	48	10·34
7.	H. C. Lewis	4	1	29	13	9·66
8.	G. Radford	4	0	25	18	6·25
9.	F. T. Toogood	4	0	5	4	1.25

*Signifies not out. Qualification is 4 innings.

Seniors *v.* Juniors scores are not included in the above tables.

The following have also batted :—

H. I'Anson	1	0	12	12	12
F. Kite	2	1	10	10*	10
J. J. Kelly	1	0	5	5	5
J. O. Varney	1	0	4	4	4
W. C. Smith	1	0	3	3	3
—. Richards	1	0	3	3	3
H. Jowitt	2	0	4	3	2
J. McGuire	3	1	1	1	.5
F. J. Mummery	1	1	1	1*	—
—. Porter	1	0	0	0	0

BOWLING AVERAGES (up to and including June 15th).

Qualification .. 60 overs.

Seniors *v.* Juniors Bowling not included.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wkts.	Runs per Wkt.
1. H. W. Viccars	65·1	8	233	25	9·32
2. W. J. Bendrey	103·4	12	378	33	11·45
3. R. Mead ..	75	14	255	18	14·11

The following have also bowled:—

G. Coward ..	15	1	58	4	14·5
G. Radford ..	19	4	66	3	22 0
S. R. Ruffell ..	5	2	26	1	26·0
F. Kite	18	1	87	1	87·0

Seniors v. Juniors.

Played on the County Ground, May 1st.—Juniors won by 2 wickets.

This match resulted in an unexpected win for the Juniors. The Seniors batted first and compiled 150. The innings opened disastrously, Terry being dismissed when the score stood at 3. The next wicket fell at 16 and then Bendrey and Viccars made a stand. With the dismissal of these two, none of the remaining batsmen reached double figures with the exception of Toogood, who was top scorer with 54. Toogood batted well, although he gave several chances. Without him the Seniors would have made a very sorry show. The wickets were shared by Ruffell, (3 for 24 runs) Radford, (2 for 20) Mead, (3 for 38) and Kelly (2 for 15).

Mead and Ruffell opened the Juniors' innings, and so well did they bat, that the score reached 74 before they were separated. Mead's 60 included twelve fours. Wickets fell slowly, the Seniors' total being passed with only 4 men out. The remaining offered but little assistance—when stumps were drawn 8 wickets being down for 177 runs. Bowling honours where shared by Viccars, (4 for 60), Kite (3 wickets for 39 runs) and Freeman (1 for 0).

Full scores are appended:—

SENIORS.

R. A. Hone, b Ruffell.. ..	11
G. E. Terrey, b Mead ..	0
W. J. Bendrey, b Mead ..	35
H. W. Viccars, c Staley, b Radford	23
A. E. Geach, b Radford ..	1
F. T. Toogood, c Jowitt, b Ruffell	54
F. Kite, c Kelly, b Mead ..	3
J. Anderson, b Kelly	9
W. Douglas, b Ruffell ..	1
P. T. Freeman, b Kelly ..	0
G. Spearing, not out	0
Extras	13
	150

JUNIORS.

R. Mead, c Geach, b Kite ..	60
S. R. Ruffell, c Terrey, b Kite..	26
H. C. Lewis, b Viccars ..	19
J. O. Varney, b Viccars ..	0
G. Radford, b Viccars ..	14
J. McGuire, b Viccars ..	17
H. Jowitt, b Kite	0
W. Staley, not out	13
H. Ursell. c Bendrey, b Freeman	1
J. G. Kelly, H. I'Anson } did not bat	
Extras	27
Total for 8 wickets ..	177

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v. Southampton Grammar School.

Played on the County Ground, May 4th.—Draw.

The Grammar School—winning the toss—compiled 218 for the loss of 7 wickets before declaring the innings closed. Of these runs 110 were scored by Mr. Muir, one of their masters. Although his innings was a good one, he should have been out before he reached double figures. After his dismissal the other wickets fell rapidly. Bendrey being responsible for 5 of them.

Terry and Mead opened the innings for the Coll.—the latter being soon dismissed. Hone and then Bendrey materially increased the score, but Ruffell and Toogood were soon out. Bendrey was batting well, with 59 not out to his credit, when stumps were drawn with the Coll. 70 behind and 5 wickets in hand.

Scores:—

GRAMMAR SCHOOL.	
Mr. Muir, b Bendrey	110
Mr. Fewings, b Ruffell ..	5
A. A. Coombs, c and b Bendrey	33
Mr. Mc.Ghee, b Bendrey ..	15
Mr. Caddick, c Jowitt, b Bendrey	2
R. B. Bowden, run out ..	13
Mr. Compton, not out ..	9
J. H. Stride, b Bendrey ..	1
R. Metcalfe, not out	0
J. Barnfather, A. C. White } did not bat	
Extras	30
Total for 7 wickets ..	218

Innings declared closed.

HARTLEY UNIV. COLLEGE.	
G. E. Terrey, c Bowden, b Fewings	25
R. Mead, c Coombs, b McGhee	0
R. Hone, c Bowden, b Coombes	43
W. J. Bendrey, not out ..	59
S. R. Ruffell, c and b McGhee	6
F. T. Toogood, b McGhee ..	0
H. C. Lewis, not out	6
G. Radford, F. Kite, H. Jowitt, J. McGuire } did not bat	
Extras	9
Total for 5 wickets ..	148

Bowling analysis—

	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.
S. A. Ruffell ..	5 ..	26 ..	1
F. Kite	8 ..	46 ..	0
G. Rayford ..	9 ..	37 ..	0
R. Mead ..	9 ..	37 ..	0
W. J. Bendrey ..	13 ..	42 ..	5

v. Grammar School.

County Ground, May 8th.—Won by 15 runs.

The Grammar School batting first were dismissed rather cheaply for 101 runs; of these Coombes obtained 22. The 9th wicket fell at 73 but White and Rosenburg put on 28 for the last wicket.

The College opened disastrously—Terry, Mead and Hone being out for 61. Bendrey however came to the rescue and the score increased rapidly. Ruffell also batted well for his 18 runs. The Grammar School's total was passed with 7 men out. Bendrey was bowled by Coombs, after making 65 of the best. Lewis, 13 runs and Kite 10 not out—were very useful.

The innings closed for 116, the College thus winning by 15 runs.

Full scores :—

GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		HARTLEY UNIV. COLLEGE.	
Mr. Fewings, b Radford ..	8	G. E. Terrey, c Bowden, b McGhee	4
Mr. McGhee, b Bendrey ..	7	R. Mead, lbw, b Fewings ..	1
A. A. Coombes, c Hone, b Mead	22	R. A. Hone, c Caddick, b McGhee	1
Mr. Caddick, c Hone, b Bendrey..	9	W. J. Bendrey, b Coombes ..	65
R. R. Bowden, c McGuire, b Radford	0	S. R. Ruffell, b Coombes ..	18
Mr. Crompton, c Jowitt, b Kite	7	G. Radford, run out	0
R. Rosenburg, not out ..	17	F. T. Toogood, c Caddick, b McGhee	1
G. H. Stride, lbw, c Mead ..	0	H. C. Lewis, b Fewings ..	13
R. Metcalfe, b Mead ..	1	F. Kite, run out	10
J. Barnfather, c Terry, b Bendrey	7	H. Jowitt, c Compton, b McGhee	3
A. C. White, b Bendrey ..	19	J. McGuire, c Bowden, b McGhee	0
Extras	4	Extras	0
	101		116

Bowling analysis—

	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.
W. J. Bendrey..	12 ..	34 ..	4
F. Kite ..	7 ..	20 ..	1
G. Radford ..	7 ..	12 ..	2
R. Mead ..	8 ..	29 ..	3

v. Deanery.

Played on the County Ground. May 15th.—Lost by 144 runs.

The College were completely outplayed in this match. The Deanery batting first, scored 200 for 9 wickets and declared. Just half of their total runs were made by W. Read, who batted well for his 100, although he always appeared somewhat uncomfortable, particularly in his first dozen overs.

The College innings resulted in a procession against the bowling of our old friend "Joe" Going and W. Read. Going's 5 wickets cost only 7 runs. Viccars was the only man who made any show at all—In one over from Read he scored 6, 4, 2, 6, 6, 1,—25 in one over. He however failed to play Going in a like manner, and was bowled when he had added another run. The innings closed for 56. Hone injured his thumb and was not able to bat although he went in as eleventh man.

Full scores are appended.—

DEANERY.		HARTLEY UNIV, COLLEGE.	
W. Read, b Radford	100	G. E. Terrey, c Humby, b Going	0
P. Russell, b Bendrey ..	0	R. Mead, b Read	10
W. Christmas, b Viccars ..	4	W. J. Bendrey, c Humby, b Read	0
L. N. Lisby, b Bendrey ..	0	S. R. Ruffell, b Read ..	2
A. Tucker, c Terrey, b Bendrey	12	H. W. Viccars, b Going ..	26
A. J. Going, c Ruffell, b Viccars	14	G. Radford, b Going.. ..	2
H. Christmas, not out ..	31	F. Kite, b Read	0
A. Humby, b Viccars ..	11	F. T. Toogood, c and b Going	4
P. Cartwright, b Viccars ..	1	H. C. Lewis. c Tucker b Read	5
R. Sinnott, b Viccars ..	15	J. McGuire, c Sinnott, b Going	1
A. Russell did not bat		R. A. Hone, not out	0
Extras	12	Extras	6
Total for 9 wickets ..	200		56

Bowling analysis—

	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.
W. J. Bendrey	12 ..	61 ..	3
H. W. Viccars	14 ..	56 ..	5
F. Kite ..	3 ..	21 ..	0
R. Mead ..	8 ..	33 ..	0
G. Radford ..	3 ..	17 ..	1

v. Ordnance Survey Office C.C.

County Ground, May 18th.—Won by 9 wickets.

Following our severe defeat at the hands of the Deanery, we gained a brilliant victory over the O.S.O.

The O.S.O. batted first and compiled 179, which number was largely due to the second wicket stand of Crowden and Capt. Henderson, who put on 51 before the latter was well caught by I'Anson in the long-field. Later Crowden and McGuire contributed 55 for the 5th wicket. After the dismissal of Crowden the remaining wickets fell rapidly.

The College opened with Terry and Mead, and the score reached 81 before Mead was caught for a very useful 48. Bendrey now became associated with Terrey, and the rate of scoring increased considerably. Bendrey hit with great power, his first 10 scoring strokes being 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 6, 4, 3, 3. The Ordnance changed their bowling continually, but without effect. Terrey certainly was lucky on one or two occasions, otherwise he batted well and confidently, although not with the same confidence as his captain. The Ordnance total was passed with only the one wicket down, and when stumps were drawn, the College were 7 runs ahead with 9 wickets in hand.

Full scores are appended—

O.S.O.	
J. Crowden, b Coward ..	62
—. Elford, b Viccars	2
—. Young, b Bendrey ..	10
Capt. Henderson, c I'Anson, b Bendrey	30
—. Heath, b Bendrey.. ..	7
—. Neil, b Bendrey	1
—. McIver, b Mead	33
—. Pickvill, b Mead	8
—. Thornhill, c Lewis, b Mead	6
—. Russell, not out	7
—. Welsh, c Kelly. b Coward ..	4
Extras	9
	179

HARTLEY UNIV. COLLEGE.	
G. E. Terrey, not out.. ..	78
R. Mead, c Henderson, b Heath	48
W. J. Bendrey, not out ..	58
S. R. Ruffell	
H. W. Viccars	
G. Coward	
H. C. Lewis	did not bat
G. Radford	
H. I'Anson	
J. J. Kelly	
J. McGuire	
Extras	3
Total for 1 wicket ..	186

Bowling analysis—

	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.
W. J. Bendrey	14 ..	64 ..	4
H. W. Viccars	12 ..	44 ..	1
R. Mead..	8 ..	25 ..	3
G. Coward	7 ..	28 ..	2

v. Lymington.

Lymington, May 22nd.—Won by 37 runs.

Lymington batting first were dismissed for 68—Bendrey and Viccars bowling unchanged. Viccars did the hat trick, taking wickets with the

last two balls of one over, and first of his next over. The College batting was far from excellent, but Lymington's total was passed with 5 wickets down—the whole innings closing for 105. Terrey was top scorer with a useful 21.

Scores—

LYMINGTON.	
B. House, b Viccars	11
F. Kemmish, c McGuire b Viccars	0
F. Browning, b Bendrey ..	4
P. Hannan, c and b Bendrey	15
P. G. Corbett, c McCuire, b Viccars	16
J. W. Christian, not out ..	9
F. Penny, c Terrey, b Viccars	0
H. C. Heppenstall, b Viccars	0
H. B. Benjamin, b Viccars ..	0
C. Gobel, b Bendery	4
E. Stokes, b Bendery ..	4
Extras	9
	68

HARTLEY UNIV. COLLEGE.	
G. E. Terrey, b Christian ..	21
R. Mead, b Christian	5
W. J. Bendrey, c Benjamin, b Penny	3
S. R. Ruffell, c Christian, b Kemmish	3
H. W. Viccars, c Corbet, b Kemish	17
H. C. Lewis, c Stokes, b Kemmish	5
G. Radford, b Hannan ..	18
H. I'Anson, b Kemmish ..	12
J. J. Kelly, b Kemmish ..	5
H. Jowitt, st Corbett, b Gobel ..	1
J. McGuire, not out	0
Extras	15
	105

Bowling analysis —

	Overs.		Runs.		Wickets.
W. J. Bendrey	15·5	..	33	..	4
H. W. Viccars	12	..	26	..	6

v. Woolston Wednesday, C.C.

Played at Weston, May 29th.—Won by 8 wickets.

Batting first Woolston were dismissed for 135,—62 of which were scored by H. Trodd. Viccars was our most successful bowler, securing 4 wickets at just under 7 each.

The College opened badly, Mead being dismissed for 1. After Terrey's dismissal, Hone and Bendrey made a fine stand. Hone at close of play was 68 not out, while Bendrey had scored 58 before he was given out. The College thus won somewhat easily by 7 wickets.

Full scores—

WOOLSTON WEDNESDAY.	
H. Trodd, b Coward	62
T. Gulliver, b Bendrey ..	7
F. Uridge, b Coward	14
—. Penny, b Mead	1
T. G. Ings, b Viccars	21
—. Duke, b Viccars	13
—. White, b Viccars	0
N. Trodd, not out	1
F. Gibbs, b Bendrey	0
C. Lewry, b Viccars	4
W. Lewry, c Lewis, b Bendrey	6
Extras	6
	135

HARTLEY UNIV. COLLEGE.	
R. Mead, b Uridge	1
G. E. Terry, b Uridge ..	19
R. A. Hone, not out	68
W. J. Bendrey, c Ings, b Gibbs	58
S. R. Ruffell, not out	1
H. W. Viccars, G. Coward, H. C. Lewis, G. Radford, H. I'Anson, J. McGuire	did not bat
Extras	10
Total for 3 wickets ..	157

Bowling analysis—

	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.
W. J. Bendrey ..	11·3 ..	5·7 ..	3
H. W. Viccars ..	11 ..	21 ..	4
R. Mead	8 ..	21 ..	1
G. Coward ..	7 ..	24 ..	2

v. Lyndhurst C.C.

At Lyndhurst, June 1st.—Lost by 40 runs.

Owing to Standard Tests a very weak team journeyed to Lyndhurst. Lyndurst batted first and compiled 82. Mead and Viccars bowled unchanged; the latter obtaining the best average. Mead performed the "hat-trick," all three men being clean bowled.

The College batting was absolutely disgraceful, the whole side being out for 42—"Mr." Extras obtaining 16 of them.

Not a single man reached double figures.

Scores :—

LYNDHURST.		HARTLEY UNIV. COLLEGE.	
Capt. Donaldson, b Viccars ..	10	R. Mead, b Cole	0
G. Strange, b Viccars.. ..	14	G. E. Terrey, b Harding ..	4
T. Weston, c Terry, b Viccars..	8	R. A. Hone, b Cole	7
—. Tilson, b Viccars	1	F. T. Toogood, b Cole ..	0
—. Cole, b Viccars	6	H. W. Viccars, b Cole ..	3
—. Brown, b Viccars	8	G. Radford, b Cole	5
—. Harding, not out	20	W. C. Smith, b Harding ..	3
—. Metcalfe, b Mead.. ..	1	—. Richards, lbw Cole ..	3
—. White, b Mead	0	—. Porter, b Harding ..	0
—. Holes, b Mead	0	J. O. Varney, b Cole	4
—. Mills, c and b Mead ..	3	F. G. Mummery, not out ..	1
Extras	11	Extras	16
	82		42

Bowling analysis—

	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.
R. Mead	9·4 ..	32 ..	4
H. W. Viccars ..	9 ..	39 ..	6

v. Woolston Wednesday C.C.

County Ground, June 5th—Won by 7 wickets.

The return fixture with Woolston resulted in another fine victory, and also a brilliant century by the College captain.

Needless to say Woolston won the toss and elected to bat first. They, however, could do but little against the fine bowling of Bendrey and Mead—the former securing 7 wickets at a cost of just over 5 each. The innings closed for 81 runs—only 3 men reaching double figures.

The College opened disastrously, Terrey failing to score, and Mead out too, with the total at 7. Then came the inevitable stand by Hone and Bendrey. The College captain was in great form—scoring all round the wicket and treating all bowlers alike. Hone also batted very finely.

When the score had been raised from 7 runs to 157, Hone was unluckily out lbw to Ings for 57. During the time Hone was occupied in scoring 57, Bendrey had amassed 93.

Ruffell now filled the vacancy, and the score grew larger and larger. Bendrey passed the 100 mark amidst terrific applause. When stumps were drawn the score stood at 235 for 3 wickets, Bendrey being 137 (not out), and Ruffell 29 (not out).

Scores :—

WOOLSTON WEDNESDAY.		HARTLEY UNIV. COLLEGE.	
—. Golden, c Jowitt, b Bendrey	18	R. Mead, c and b Robbins	7
—. Duke, b Bendrey	6	G. E. Terrey, b Robbins	0
I. Robbins, b Mead	9	R. Hone, lbw Ings	57
C. Lewry, c McGuire, b Bendrey	12	W. J. Bendrey, not out	137
W. Lewry, not out	1	S. R. Ruffell, not out	29
F. Gibbs, c and b Bendrey	6	G. Coward, H. C. Lewis, H. I'Anson, J. C. Kelly, H. Jowitt, J. McGuire	did not bat
I. Ings, b Bendrey	5		
H. Trodd, b Bendrey	0		
H. Grimshall, b Mead	0		
A. Ware, b Bendrey	3		
W. Cave, b Bendrey	12		
Extras	9	Extras	5
	81	Total for 3 wickets	235

Bowling analysis—

	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.
W. J. Bendrey	14·4	39	7
R. Mead	14	33	3

v Reading, University College.

Played on the County Ground, June 15th.—Drawn.

This Fixture was unfortunately spoilt by rain, which prevented any start before 4.20.

Reading won the toss and elected to bat first and opened with Woods and Tombling to the bowling of Bendrey and Viccars. With the score at 5 Tombling bit at a rather wide ball from Viccars and was caught by Mead. Potton now became associated with Woods and the rate of scoring increased considerably. Mead now took the ball from Viccars and in his first over secured Wood's wicket, following this up by getting Potton caught in his next over. Stanford, Brooks and Thomson were the only other men to offer much resistance to the bowlers, the innings closing for 154. Little more than a 100 minutes remained for the College to get the runs, but when stumps were drawn, 132 runs had been scored for the loss of only 3 men.

Mead and Terrey opened the batting and runs came very slowly. Terrey was at last well caught by Tombling, and Hone filled the vacancy. The newcomer was even slower and the play became somewhat monotonous.

The advent of Bendrey, following the dismissal of Mead, considerably altered matters. Treating the bowlers with but little respect, he played with great freedom. Scoring now became much faster and the total was carried to 117 before Stanford upset Hone's wicket. The 2nd wicket stand had thus put on 79 runs—of which number Bendrey was responsible for 66.

Viccars now came in and kept his wicket up until stumps were drawn, with the score at 132 for 3 wickets. The College were thus within 22 of Reading's total with 7 wickets in hand.

Bendrey's innings of 72 (not out) was a very fine one and included one 6 and thirteen 4's. He did not give a single chance.

Full scores :—

READING UNIV. COLLEGE.

E. E. Woods, c McGuire, b Mead	18
J. H. Tombling, c Mead, b Viccars	0
F. H. Potton, c Coward, b Mead	35
F. E. Stanford, b Viccars	17
K. H. Brooks, b Mead	27
C. C. Thompson, b Bendrey	20
L. M. Tipper, c Kelly, b Mead	6
S. W. Collins, c and b Bendrey	10
W. B. Bartlett, b Bendrey	0
W. V. Helliwell, c Ruffell b Viccars	7
C. O. Ricb, not out	0
Extras	14
	154

HARTLEY UNIV. COLLEGE.

R. Mead, c Helliwell, b Thompson	21
G. E. Terry, c Tombling, b Thomson	13
R. A. Hone, b Stanford	15
W. J. Bendrey, not out	72
H. W. Viccars, not out	2
S. R. Ruffell, G. Coward, H. C. Lewis, H. I'Anson, J. J. Kelly, J. McGuire	did not bat
Extras	9
Total for 3 wickets	132

Bowling analysis—

	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.
W. J. Bendrey	14	48	3
H. W. Viccars	75	41	3
R. Mead	11	45	4
G. Coward	1	6	0

H.U.C v. Northwood.

County Ground, June 19th.—Result Draw.

HARTLEY UNIV. COLLEGE.

G. E. Terrey, c Moores b Richards	13
R. Mead, b Richards	13
R. Hone, run out	19
W. J. Bendrey, not out	65
H. W. Viccars, b Hatch	0
S. R. Ruffell, c Moores b Tiller	3
H. I'Anson, b Hatch	5
G. Radford, not out	16
T. Lewis, J. J. Kelly, J. McGuire	did not bat
Extras	5
Innings declared closed	139

NORTHWOOD.

F. R. Moores, not out	35
H. Brown, b Viccars	18
C. Jones, b Bendrey	0
A. Hounsell, c Radford, b Bendrey	1
F. Burnett, Walt. Tiller, W. Richards, F. Hatch, W. Tiller, H. Cole, E. Blatchford	did not bat
Extras	17
	71

Bowling analysis—

	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.
W. J. Bendrey	11	23	2
H. Viccars	12	9	1
R. Mead	4	18	0
S. Ruffell	3	4	0

Cricket Caps this season have been awarded to W. J. Bendrey, H. W. Viccars, R. A. Hone and G. E. Terrey.

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